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HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

READ ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.

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Our New Serial Story.

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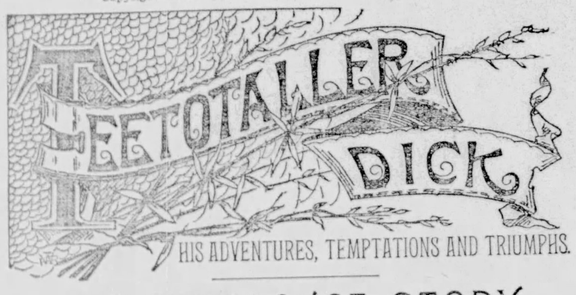

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS" (IN TEN VOLUMES), "CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD," "UNDER GROUND," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," "MARCO POLO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in Liberty, a New England village. Dick is the son of John Graham, a workingman, who is addicted to drink. The downward course of the latter, until he becomes a sot, so far under the control of the rum appetite that he cannot touch liquor without getting wildly intoxicated, is given in detail. His family come to want, and he loses his employment. He is finally put into jail on suspicion of robbery, which he did not commit. The forced abstinence from rum while imprisoned makes him try once more to reform. In this he is seconded by Dr. Green, who treats intemperance as a disease, and other citizens. John Graham is given work by a farmer, who pays his wages to Mrs. Graham, thus not allowing him to have any money to buy rum. Dick, then a lad, is taken as clerk in Mr. Webster's store. He proves himself industrious, zealous and faithful, and saves the store from robbery by trapping two burglars in the cellar. Dick has a boyish liking for Sarah Gove, a girl of about his own age, who lives alone with her father, who is a confirmed drunkard. Their affection went on for years, until her father was finally imprisoned for theft, and Sarah became "help" in a farmer's family. Dick and Sarah then became formally engaged. Mr. Varney, a wealthy New York merchant, whose boyhood home was in Liberty, revisited the place and renewed his old-time acquaintance with Mr. Webster, Dick's employer. He is attracted by the good qualities of Dick, and proposes to take him into his employ in New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

DICK'S LIFE IN NEW YORK.

IT was arranged that Dick should complete his year with Mr. Webster and then go to New York to enter upon his duties as an under-clerk in the house of Varney & Co. He was to receive $500 for the first year and $600 for the second; after that his salary was to be advanced according to his merits, in his efficiency in the performance of his duties.

For several nights Dick was unable to sleep, or at all events did not sleep soundly, his thoughts being so much occupied with the future. New York was far away in those days, and the young man who had been there was looked upon as a modified Marco Polo or Christopher Columbus. It was a city of wonders and dangers, of fortunes and poverty, of magnificence and wretchedness, and the perils that were supposed to environ the stranger within its gates were many and great. Strange stories were told of men who had gone to the metropolis and never been heard of more, and wonders were narrated of men who had made fortunes there and lived in a manner which would shame a king of any reasonable pretensions. In the minds of the rustics, New York abounded in palaces, and in one of these Dick's employer lived. None of them had ever been there to see it, and therefore there was no limit to the extravagant stories which were told about Mr. Varney's house.

When it became noised about that Dick Graham was going to New York with Mr. Varney, curiosity was roused and he had more callers in a week than had been inside the store within a month. Mr. Webster noted the increase of business, as nearly everybody who came in did so with the excuse of buying something, the real object being to gaze upon and talk with the young man who was actually going to New York to live, the merchant embraced the opportunity to get rid of articles that had been for some time unsalable and thus the prospective loss of his clerk inured to his temporary benefit.

Dick procured some books that described New York, some of them being drawn largely from the imagination of the writers, and evidently designed to impress upon the readers the terrors of a metropolitan existence, and the numerous pitfalls that stood open for the feet of the wayfarer. The youth had too much intelligence to be deceived by these sensational works, but he justly concluded that the city offered many temptations that were unknown in the country, while at the same time it gave more opportunities for advancement. He made up his mind that the principal thing for him to do was to resist temptation to do wrong in whatever form, and the rest would take care of itself. And one thing he regarded as wrong was to drink anything stronger than tea and coffee, unless the addition of sugar and milk might be considered an increase of strength.

When the time came for his departure there was a tearful farewell on the part of his family, as he was not likely to be with them again for several years, and they fully realized that, perhaps, he would never come back. And there were tears, too, and many of them, when he said good-bye to Sarah Gove; the lovers exchanged vows of fidelity till he should come for her as his bride, or send for her to go to him and be married on arrival. Ever since it was first decided that Dick was to go away Sarah had been torn by conflicting emotions. She loved him devotedly and wished to see him prosper, but realized that she would be very lonely without him, and miss his kind and sustaining words whenever her father went astray with the demon of drink. Had she known how inconstant is the human heart and the danger that, in time, Dick might forget her and turn to some one else, she would have been far less reconciled to his going away than she was.

It was some twenty miles or more from Liberty to the nearest railway station, and the journey was made by stage-coach. Quite a crowd assembled at Mr. Webster's store on the morning of Dick's departure, and he received as enthusiastic a "send-off" as the departing traveler could wish, though it was not emphasized with champagne or any other beverage that could either cheer or inebriate. There were last embraces and hand-shakes, more tears, hurrahs from the boys and men as the wheels of the stage began to revolve, and in a little while the roofs and spires of Liberty were hidden by the hills that the youth left behind him.

"Wonder when I'll see the old town again?" said Dick to himself as the stage rolled along. "Wonder how I'm to get along in New York? Shall I be rich and successful like Mr. Varney, or shall I come back to the poorhouse like Sam Benson? Mr. Varney drinks nothing and Sam Benson is a drunkard. When Sam went to New York he was about my age and had just as good prospects, but drink got the better of him and made him what he is. I'll shun alcohol in all its forms, just as I've been shunning it ever since I knew anything about the degradation and misery it causes. Oh, my poor father! how I hope he will be able to abstain for the rest of his life!"

In musing over the past, present and future Dick passed the time required for the stage-coach journey, and reached the station sooner than he had expected. In a little while the whistle, and then the puffing of the locomotive were heard around the bend of the railway, the train drew up at the station, and Dick Graham was soon rolling away towards the great city, the Mecca of his hopes of fame and fortune.

His first impressions of New York may be obtained from a letter which he wrote to his mother a few days after his arrival. It was carefully preserved by his family, and has been placed in our hands for the purposes of this story. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Mother:

"You don't know how much I miss you all, and how I long for a sight of the dear faces at home. When I got here it seemed as if I had come to the other side of the world, and we were separated thousands and thousands of miles. But I'm getting reconciled to the change, and realize that it was a bit of homesickness, that will wear off when I am settled down into my new work. Mr. Varney has been very kind, and says he was just as homesick when he first came here, and had no friend to look to for comfort. I went straight to the house he wrote to me about, and was put in a little room, where it seemed as though I could stand in the middle and touch the walls all around. But it's clean and comfortable, and the bed has springs under the mattress, which is a good deal better than the slats we have in our beds at Liberty, at least it seems so to me. The place is a boarding-house, and there are eleven boarders besides myself, all of them clerks, or something of the sort, who can't afford to live at a hotel or any other fine house where it costs a great deal of money.

"I can't begin to tell you what a city New York is. One thing astonishes me, and that is the great number of drinking places; I thought we had enough of them in Liberty, but we don't begin with New York. Do you know we have three churches there and two bar-rooms; here they have, so a gentleman tells me, four hundred churches and eight thousand bar-rooms! Just think of it, twenty drinking places for every house of worship! All the bar-rooms make money, and are often crowded while most of the churches have a great many empty seats every Sunday. One of my fellow-boarders took me around and showed me into the big hotels; he wanted me to go into the bar-rooms to see how gorgeous they were but I didn't step inside of one of them, though I did peep in at the doors and saw they were paved with marble, had great mirrors, and magnificent paintings that must have cost an immense amount of money. I've read in books about palaces, but never imagined that a palace was as fine as the bar-rooms in the great hotels here.

"When I was on the train just before getting to the city a man sat in the seat with me who asked me where I was going and I told him. He was a very pleasant gentleman and seemed to take an interest in me, and when I mentioned Mr. Varney he said he knew him very well and lived in the next house to him, and they were going to be partners after the first of next January. While we were talking another man came along and said he wanted to pay Mr. Johnson some money; Mr. Johnson was the gentleman's name, so he said. He owed him fifty dollars and had check for a hundred which Mr. Johnson couldn't change and so he asked me to lend him fifty dollars and keep the check till he could see me next day at Mr. Verney's store. I told him I couldn't, for in the first place I hadn't the money and in the second place Mr. Varney had told me to look out for agreeable gentlemen who wanted to borrow money and pretended to know any friends of mine. He got up right off and went away with the other man, and I heard them say something about working some other hayseed before the train got in. Mr. Varney says the men were swindlers and would have cleaned me if they could. I saw the very same men in one of the bar-rooms we peeped into and they were taking drinks with two or three others, so I guess they live here.

"The miles and miles of streets in New York would astonish you, and I realize the force of the remark made by the country-man who 'couldn't see shucks for the houses.' The first time I walked on Broadway I thought of the stranger who stepped off on a side street to let the folks go by; he thought it was Sunday and meeting had just let out. All day long there are crowds of people moving up and down on the sidewalks and the middle of the street is full of vehicles that sometimes get jammed together so that they can't move at all. I saw a man knocked down by one of the carriages yesterday and in two minutes there was a crowd of at least a hundred people looking at him. A policeman picked him up and carried him into a drug store and they had to shut the doors or the place would have been so crowded with curious folks that nobody could move about.

"My boarding house is on Beach street, and I walk from there to Mr. Varney's store, which is more than half a mile away. Mr. Varney has a lot of clerks; some of them board where I do, and others in various places, and some of them are married and keep house. Everything is quiet and orderly, and the other clerks tell me that Mr. Varney is very strict with them, but at the same time perfectly just. I am working with an older clerk, who is showing me my duties. I have to go about with papers from one desk to another. After a while I shall go to other offices and stores with papers, and sometimes down to the ships that are loading or unloading, and to the custom-house, where the ships and ships and goods are entered, and must pass through certain forms. There will be other things for me to do, and I am expected to learn one duty thoroughly before taking up another.

"I have breakfast and dinner, what we should call supper, at my boarding-house, but get luncheon at a restaurant, or buy it of a woman who comes around peddling sandwiches a little after noon. The restaurants are noisy places, but they serve you very quickly, as they know the clerks haven't any time to spare. They have funny names for things, and I can't help laughing every time I hear the waiters giving out the orders. Say you want codfish cakes, the waiters calls out 'Sleeve-Buttons!' or tell him you want a plate of hash, he calls out 'One Mystery!' One of the clerks spoke of the waiter as a 'hash-slinger,' and when I appeared surprised, he said that was the slang name for them, because they slung hash in the cheap restaurants.

"One of the boarders where I live asked me if I would like to go and 'see the elephant.' I told him I had seen several elephants with traveling menageries, but he laughed and said that was not the kind he was going to show me. The other boarders laughed too, and so I said nothing, as I saw there was something I didn't understand. Afterwards one of them explained it, and when I knew what he was after I declined to go. He meant to show me the worst parts of the city in the evening, but I don't care to go there, certainly not until I know the ways and customs better than I do now. The part where the ships lie at the docks is bad enough in the daytime, and is said to be dangerous for a well dressed person late at night. The worse the locality the greater the number of drinking shops in it. Along Fifth avenue and the residence streets that run out each side of it, you can go a long ways without seeing a saloon, but when you get in the neighborhood of the Five Points or Water street you find bar-rooms on every block, and sometimes three or four of them close together. There are many places at the intersection of streets where you can see a bar-room on each of the four corners, and all doing a good business in spite of the fact that there are others close by.

"I have lots of funny things to tell you about, but this letter is too long already, and besides, it is time for me to go to bed. So good night and love to all."

CHAPTER XX.

THE HOUSE OF VARNEY & CO.

DICK attended closely to his duties in the office of Mr. Varney, and won the admiration of that gentleman, as well as that of the older employes of the establishment. Some of the younger ones were inclined to be jealous of the newcomer, as they plainly saw that he would bar the way to their advancement in case he should so far win the favor of the chief as to be promoted above their heads. They realized that Mr. Varney would do nothing unjust, but human nature is so constituted that we do not always want things administered impartially. Everybody's case is exceptional, at least in his own eyes; the energetic and pushing employes of Mr. Varney were firm believers in the principle that promotion should be according to merit, while the duller and more plodding who had been longer in the store, were equally firm in the belief that promotion should be governed by length of service.

Something of the same sort was in the minds of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England when, as the story goes, they held a meeting and resolved as follows:

"WHEREAS, It has been decreed that the Saints shall inherit the earth; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we are the Saints."

It has already been stated in words taken from that gentleman's lips, that Mr. Varney would not have a drinking man in his employ, and it was on account of his temperance principles that Dick first attracted his employer's attention. All the clerks and others about the establishment were supposed to emulate the example of the master, who eschewed ardent spirits in every form; but Dick soon ascertained the truth of the adage that "all is not gold that glitters." Several of the clerks were accustomed to take drinks "on the sly," in spite of their promise to the contrary, but they were very particular about appearing in the office with the least smell of fire-water about themselves or their garments. A knowledge of their ways came to Dick one day at luncheon when one of his fellow clerks proposed that they should share a bottle of beer. "The old man needn't know anything about it," said the clerk, "and a glass of beer'll do you good."

"I told Mr. Varney that I should drink nothing while in his employ, and mean to keep my promise."

"That's all nonsense," said the other; "you're not in his employ except when you're in his office, under his roof, or on board one of his ships. When your day's work is done or when you're out at lunch you're your own master. That's the way I look at it."

"Does Mr. Varney understand it so?" queried Dick.

"Quite likely he does," was the reply, "or at any rate that's the common sense way of looking at the matter. So, let's have the beer?"

"Thank you," replied Dick, "it would violate my promise to him, as I understand it, and besides I don't drink anything intoxicating, not matter what it is."

"O, You're a teetotaller, then," was the exclamation of the beer-lover. "You're one of those fellows who never touches anything under any circumstances."

"If that's a teetotaller," replied the young man, "that's what I am. I have good reason to dread the power of rum and all its kind, and I'm going to let it alone."

As the colored preacher remarked when speaking to his congregation of the sin of stealing chickens, "a coldness seems to have come over the assemblage, as if the remarks was personal." The subject of beer drinking was dropped and the young men finished their meal without that beverage. But the incident was whispered about among the clerks who were in sympathy with Dick's whilom companion, and the result was that the latest importation from the rural districts became known as "TEETOTALLER DICK."

It may interest some of our readers to know that the word "teetotal" is of modern origin, and is formed by prefixing, for the sake of emphasis, the first letter of the word "total." According to *Notes and Queries* for 1858, its adoption was as follows: When the question of reviving the old temperance pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors was under discussion at a meeting in Preston, England, a workingman named Richard Turner, applied to the proposal a term which had been long in local use, the word "teetotal." Turner had a habit of stuttering, and in endeavoring to use the phrase "total abstinence," he accidentally made the first word "teetotal." The meeting caught up the idea, the fitness of the term was seen at once, and in a few months it had spread throughout England and was thence brought to the United States.

Another authority says that the word has had its origin at Hector, New York, five years before the famous meeting at Preston. Rev. Joel Jewell claims to have originated it; he was secretary of a temperance society, some of whose members signed the old pledge in which wines were permitted, and others went in for total abstinence. In keeping the record, he placed the letters O. P. before the names of those who took the old pledge, and T. before those who were total abstainers. "By constantly explaining," he says, "that T. was for Total, we were directly called T-totallers, and this was the origin of the word five years before it was coined in England."

Dick was a good deal troubled in mind at his discovery that so many of Mr. Varney's employes were putting such a liberal construction upon their agreement concerning their personal conduct while in his employ. "I really didn't understand it so," said Dick to one of them, "though it would make no difference to me, any way. I'll ask Mr. Varney some time and see what he says."

"Don't do that," said the other, "you never can tell what would enter his head at the moment and he might give a new reading to it that would cut us off from our beer. Don't do that or you'll kick up an awful row."

The man very well knew that Dick's version of the agreement was correct and the other construction was forced for the sake of convenience. Had the matter been referred to Mr. Varney his answer would have been such as to remove all loopholes of escape.

"O, well," said Dick, "if you don't want me to I won't, but where's the harm of my finding out, just to satisfy myself? Seems to me that if I were in his place I should require total abstinence all the time—out of office hours as well as in them."

"That's an infringement upon personal liberty that no man, with any respect for himself, would endure," was the reply. "As long as we are not in any way affected by what we take for nourishment, so far as business is concerned, just so long Mr. Varney has no concern as to what we eat or drink. Suppose he ordered us not to eat beef or chicken, wouldn't that be absurd?"

"So far as chicken and my boarding-house are concerned, it would be," Dick answered. "No chicken has appeared at the table since I've been there, and the other boarders say a chicken hasn't been seen in the neighborhood for nearly three years when one was carried by in a box. But, jesting aside, your comparison is hardly a fair one, since any amount of alcohol taken into the system, no matter how small it is, has an effect that is injurious. Your brain may be, as you think, clear enough in the morning when you've been drinking beer or other things over night, but it would be clearer if you had drank nothing."

"That may be," said the other, "but you take no account of the good time you've had with a few drinks in comparison with dull times on cold water. You temperance people argue that there is no fun in drinking, when everybody who's 'been there' knows better."

"Quite true," Dick answered, "but that is not the case with all temperance advocates, as I certainly know. The most of them frankly point out the pleasures to be found in tippling and then show the evils that come from it. The evils overbalance the pleasures twenty to one; in return for the exhilaration produced by alcohol you surrender yourself to disease, suffering, delirium tremens perhaps, loss of business, self respect and the respect of others, and a dozen other things that I needn't enumerate."

"That's the sheerest nonsense in the world," responded his friend. "Disease and delirium tremens! Do you suppose I'm fool enough to drink to excess? I may have a headache once in a while, but that's the worst that will ever happen to me. Don't talk such rubbish."

Beyond all doubt the man was thoroughly honest in his assertion that he never would drink to excess. But as time rolled on his drinking habits increased, he lost his situation with Mr. Varney, and afterwards with other merchants who gave him employment, but could not retain him on account of his dissipation. Down, down he went, till he became a beggar on the street, and his days were finished in a charity hospital, whence he was taken to be buried in potter's field, the cemetery of the New York authorities for those who cannot pay for burial elsewhere.

Dick told him that many a man had gone to ruin by drinking whose beginnings were just the same, a glass now and then with no thought of ever taking too much under any circumstances. It was the old, old story that has been worn threadbare, and made no impression upon the great majority of those who have heard it. It was an illustration of the moral degeneration that is caused by alcohol, as the hearer refused to believe that he could by any possibility go the road where so many had gone before. Dick changed the subject when he found that what he was saying was not received in the kindly spirit in which it was intended, but silently resolved to return it whenever a good opportunity was offered.

There was consternation among the tipplers in Mr. Varney's employ when it became known that the youth had proposed to ask that gentleman how their promise to him was to be understood. But it soon passed away when it was realized that he was an honorable and manly fellow, who would not be likely to play the spy or informer upon his fellows, however much he might disapprove of their conduct, provided, of course, they proved faithful to his business interests.

However, they did not feel altogether safe, as he might, with the most innocent intentions in the world, "give the whole thing away," as one of them expressed it. They talked the matter over one evening, with a view to making themselves more secure.

"I tell you what," said one, "we must get the young fellow loaded some night, and then he'll have to keep his mouth shut about us for fear of giving himself away."

"But he won't touch a drop," said another. "How can we manage to fill him up?"

"Hold on," urged a third. "Suppose we fill him up to the chin and he gets boiling drunk. He'll very likely go straight to the old man, make a full confession of what he has done, and then a little talk will bring the whole thing out."

"That's so," remarked the first conspirator, "I never took that view of it. It would be a dead give away all around."

There was a pause, while each man was busy with his thoughts. Finally the third speaker suggested something that met the approval of his comrades in iniquity.

"That's just the thing," said the first, and his opinion was echoed until the vote was unanimous. "That's just the thing, and we'll go at it right away. We'll fix this teetotaler hayseed so that he won't squeal on us, because he can't."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Poetry.

THE ANGELUS.

BY BRET HARTE.

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fill the wide expanse,
Tingling the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight or mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding
I touch the farther past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last.

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leather jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see old Portain's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.

O, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

O SLEEP DIVINE.

HARRIET TYNG GRISWOLD.

O sleep divine! surcease of pain!
The truce of God with care and strife!
Thy sweet forgetting who can gain
Has plucked the very flower of life.

We float to thee on drowsy wings,
When all the hard day's tasks are o'er;
And, when for us thy wide doors swings,
Our pain, our dread, they are no more.

Safe in thy wide encircling arms,
We dream perchance that we are blest;
Or, haply, drink the enthralling balms
That lead to deep, unconscious rest.

Long, long, as lasts thy tender spell,
So long is sorrow put to rout;
All we forbode, desire as well,
In perfect peace is blotted out.

But sleep divine! surcease of pain!
One day there cometh when no more
We wake to all the strain and stress
And tumult of this mortal shore.

But at the last, by thee embraced,
We find at length how sweet, serene,
Their rest who all life's sets outplanned,
Wait at God's hands the new next scene.
—Christian Register.

TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Leafy bowers,
Birds and flowers,
Babbling brooklet's sound;
Lover youthful,
Maiden truthful,
Beauty all around.

Lovers plighted,
Hearts united,
Launching on life's stream;
Hope beguiling,
Future smiling,
Life a joyous dream.

CHAPTER II.

Dingy shanty,
Living scanty,
Fretful children three;
Husband jaded,
Woman faded,
Toiling constantly.

Strife, endeavor,
Hoping ever
For their offspring's weal;
Thus to Jordan
With their burden;
Dreamer, "Life is real."
Watson, O., Jan. 25, 1890. —A. D. R.

A TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

But He Will Wade in Gore Just the Same.

As the train stopped at a station about 30 miles west of Indianapolis we noticed an unusually large crowd on the depot platform, and it was evident that speech-making had been indulged in and that somebody of note was taking his departure, says a writer in the New York *Sun*. We soon discovered that this person was a certain Col. Blank, who came into the car with a package under his arm, and whose cheeks were wet with farewell tears. He called "Good by!" a score of times from the window, and as the train finally rolled on he blew his nose, wiped his eyes and turned to us with:

"Gentlemen, it touches the heartstrings to part with old friends and neighbors."

"You are saying farewell, then?"

"Yes. I am going to Indianapolis to reside. The field here is too limited, as I have discovered after ten years' residence."

"Well, it is certainly pleasant to part from friends in the way you have."

"Indeed, it is! Over 200 of the best people in town came down to see me off, and the president of the bank made a beautiful speech, wished me every success, and all that, and then handed me this as a token of respect and esteem."

"Ah! Made you a present, eh? Evidently something nice?"

"Bound to be," replied the colonel, as he took a package from the seat.

"Perhaps you don't want to reveal the contents here?"

"Oh, I have no objections. We'll undo it and see what they have given me."

He carefully untied the string and removed the several papers which wrapped the precious memento, and lo! there was exposed to our gaze a—sponge! Yes, sir; a great big bath sponge, which never cost less than a dollar! We pressed forward to see it, and the colonel turned red and white by turns, bit his lips, and bobbed about on the seat, and as we held our breaths he burst out with:

"Gentlemen, heartstrings be blowed! The onery, thieving, loafing, lying crowd upon me, and the next 250 years of my life shall be devoted to wading in human blood clear up to the top vest button!"

A Word of Caution.

He had carried my satchel down to the depot from the hotel at Birmingham, Ala., and, still carrying it in his hand, he strolled about and got in the way of a baggage truck being pushed by another colored man. The latter came to a stop and indignantly demanded:

"Yo' passin, dar—what yo' doin'?"

"What a passon, sah?"

"Yo' is!"

"Be a leetle keerful, sah! I hain't dun used to bein' dressed in dat sort o' way!"

"Shoo! Do yo' know who I is?"

"An' do yo' know who I is?"

"I represents de baggage department of dis yere railroad, sah!"

"Huh! An' I represents de public what is rich 'nuff to hev any baggage to travel wid, sah! Boy! doan' yo' go an' make any mistake! If yo' do dar'll be a mighty skeercity o' baggage in yo' baggage department!"—[N. Y. Sun.

Partners in Misery.

The two desperate men ran against one another when at the very brink of the deep, swift stream. They stopped and eyed each other with suspicion.

"Out of the way, sir!" shouted one of them. "Why do you seek to prevent me from putting an end to a useless life?"

"Out of the way yourself!" yelled the other; "you are hindering me from terminating a miserable existence!"

"Who are you?"

"I am the inventor of a new snow-plow."

"And I am the owner of a toboggan slide!"

They fell on each other's shoulders and wept, and then went down and drowned their sorrows in the strong waters of a consolation bazar around the corner.—[Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Wish to be a Plaything.

Willie is a very observant youth. He seemed to prefer smaller boys for companions, and asked why, replied:

"Well, I notice the bigger boys play with me, but I don't play with them. I want somebody I can play with."

There is certainly a very fine distinction here.—[Harper's Young People.

Our New Testament Serial.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc,

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story begins with a description of an early morning scene in the streets of Jerusalem and of services in the synagogue of the Pharisees, at which a young reformer is expected to preach, but does not come. The comfortable house of Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary, in Bethany, a suburb of Jerusalem, is also described, and a contrast drawn between the practical, unimaginative character of Martha and enthusiastic, devotional character of Mary. All three are friends, admirers and adherents of the ardent young preacher, who at dusk is seen coming down the valley towar s their house, surrounded by a body of disciples, but who, for some reason not yet explained, turns back just as they are making a room ready for him.

Ariella, the bedridden daughter of Malachi and of Hagaar, is left almost alone in their house for the day, while they go up to Jerusalem. Baruch, the blind man, is brought by his mother to beguile Ariella's loneliness; a tender sentiment is growing between these two afflicted people. Baruch suggests that Ariella might be cured by the miraculous power of the new rabbi. She hopes for this, and Baruch promises her to beg him to come to the house of Malachi to heal her.

Lazarus, who is a contractor and builder, goes to the palace of Annas, the ex-high priest, to make some repairs. There he sees Zahara, the beautiful daughter of Annas, who sets his heart in a tumult. Several times during the progress of the work he meets her for a moment, and Lazarus falls madly in love with her. Annas comes to inspect the work, and learns that Lazarus is a believer in the new rabbi, the Nazarene, Jesus, the carpenter's son. Zahara joins her father, and hears the conversation. Annas is displeased, and leaves the builder coldly, Zahara accompanying her father.

CHAPTER VII.

MALACHI, the Pharisee, came home in a rage. Something had gone wrong in Jerusalem, and sorely displeased a man not accustomed to conceal his displeasure. Hagaar, his wife, and Ariella, his daughter, perceived at first glances that the domestic prospect was stormy, and made ready to weather it, each in her own way. Hagaar armed her tongue, but Ariella shrank upon her bed and held her peace.

Malachi's anger was of the most vicious kind—the ecclesiastical. He had come straight from a service at the carpenters' synagogue, where a tumultuous scene had taken place. Malachi related the circumstances to his family with boiling anger. The women could not remember when they had seen the head of their house in such a fury.

"I have been insulted!" cried Malachi, "I and my house, and the sect which we do honor by our adherence. We have been insulted past forgiveness, and I for my part will never forgive the man! Let him look to it!"

"It is shocking," said Hagaar, "but I could be angrier if I knew for what cause."

"A woman knows enough," retorted Malachi, "when she is told that her husband has received an affront. It is not at all necessary that she should comprehend the matter, to be angered in his behalf, as becometh a wife."

"But I could be so much more angry," pouted Hagaar, "if I understood why."

Thus entreated, Malachi sat down very hard upon the nearest rug, crossed his big feet beneath him, and resentfully narrated in his own way the following story; which we may translate in ours.

It seemed that he had been upon his way to the synagogue to hear the new Rabbi discourse, when the call struck to evening prayer. Malachi, being a religious braggart, and fond of advertising his pious superiority to more modest or more reverent men, stopped short where he was, and pompously began to pray aloud in the street. Now, he stood upon one of Jerusalem's highways, known as the Street of the Goldsmiths, a busy, bustling place, where his devotions were sure to be seen of all men. Malachi, a coarse, self-important figure, blustering under his broad phylactery, lifted up his swarthy hands to Heaven, and besought the divine aid as a man might hail a water-carrier or summon a litter upon the highway. In this prosternation, praying aloud sonorously, and eyed by the crowding people with distrust or disfavor, a piercing glance fell upon him. Malachi felt as he would beneath a burning glass. His soul shrank under the look, but he would not look up to see whence it came; only prayed on the more defiantly.

At this moment an elderly woman of his acquaintance humbly attracted his attention. The poor creature was feeble and looked half-starved. She pushed her way among the people and knelt before the big Pharisee, touching the hem of his robe with her aged hand.

"The rent!" she wailed. "The rent! I beg for mercy for the payment of my rent. The collector has referred me to thyself. I have naught to pay where with, and I crave grace for the rent till I may find the means of labor whereby to earn the sum. No man desires the service of so old a woman. I have no money, and my husband and son are dead before me. I pray for mercy, from thee, as thou prayest mercy from Jehova. Remit my rent! Remit my rent in the holy name of prayer!"

"Woman!" said Malachi coldly, "see you not that you interrupt my devotions? Settle the matter with my collector. Depart and leave me with my God."

The crowd raised a jeering laugh, the old woman bowed herself together and shrank away. Malachi closed his eyes and prayed on vociferously.

When he opened them he perceived quite near him the stately form of the Rabbi, climbing the hill to the synagogue. The Nazarene did not look at the Pharisee again; he walked on silently; but his very step seemed to express a strong scorn; his white talith blew backward in the wind, revealing the outline of his long limbs, the muscular limbs of a daily walker; his face was invisible; his hand fell closely shut together at his side—clenched, we might say of another man's hand; that did not seem the word to apply to his, whose every gesture indicated a self-restraint too great to be visible in excessive expression.

Malachi was dull enough; but he stopped praying aloud; he felt that he had said enough; he watched the Nazarene uncomfortably, till the silent figure had mounted the hill and disappeared within the synagogue. Malachi lingered a moment to recover his composure, and then entered and passed pompously to his accustomed and prominent seat.

"And then," cried Malachi to his women, "and then, what does the fellow do? Of what does the Rabbi discourse? What follows? An attack upon us! and attack upon the sect of the Pharisees! A violent tirade! A scandalous, outrageous, unpardonable insult! Verily, the man did open his lips and curse us on the spot!"

"Oh, not curse you, father!" pleaded Ariella. "I can not think this Rabbi is a man to curse. His name has not such savor among those who know him well."

"Judge for yourself, then, you prating fool!" cried Malachi. "These words he said: 'Woe unto you! Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees!'"

"People don't curse without a reason," said Hagaar, sharply. "The preacher must have had one to offer for such language. Out with it, Malachi! You do not verily tell the whole story, that I perceive right well. What else did the Rabbi say?"

"'Woe unto you! Woe unto you who do for a pretence devour widows' houses,' exploded Malachi furiously. 'And who do make long prayers in the streets, to be seen of men.'"

"And that is not the worst of it," he cried, smiting the knuckles of one coarse hand into the palm of the other.

"He did heap insult upon insult in my presence: 'Without, ye are whited sepulchres,' said he, 'but within are dead men's bones, within ye are all uncleanness.' * * * * * Thus said the Nazarene. A furor followed. The synagogue was in an uproar. I raised a cry of 'Catch him! Stay the fellow! Hold him!' and many answered to my command, and set upon him. He escaped us," added Malachi savagely. "He fled from us."

"How could that be?" asked Ariella gently. "You so many; and he but one? How could he escape you?"

"I know not," answered Malachi hotly. "It is a matter beyond me. He melted from us like flying fire. When we clutched him he was gone—when we hindered him he vanished. He ceased. He was not. It is a trick he has."

"It is clever in him, at all events," observed Hagaar, none too soothingly.

"Silence, woman!" cried her furious lord, "and learn thou more wifely manners! From this hour I and my household do abjure the Nazarene. See to it, Hagaar! See to it, Ariella! Follow him not. Receive him not. Put the width of his insult, and my displeasure, between Jesus of Nazareth and the house of Malachi, the Pharisee, and bridge it not, from this time forth and forever!"

"Why, I am sure, I have no objections," said Hagaar. "I care nothing for the Rabbi. And I am sure it is a great deal of trouble for one to get up early and go into Jerusalem to hear a preacher who isn't there."

But Ariella said nothing. She sighed sadly. Only yesterday Baruch had sent her word by Rachel, his mother, that he was about to go into Jerusalem, attended by a neighbor's lad, to plead with Jesus, the healer, in behalf of Ariella.

It was not long after this, perhaps not a matter of two days, that Ariella received through her mother the announcement of the presence of Baruch.

"He waits without," said Hagaar, carelessly. "And seems to be more anxious than usual to see you. He may as well come into the court. It is nobody but blind Baruch." Ariella assented cordially. It was some time since she had seen Baruch. They had exchanged no words together undisturbed by other, since that pleasant morning on which the family had journeyed to Jerusalem to hear the Rabbi, whose manly and fearless attack upon the unworthy element of his sect had but now so enraged Malachi.

Ushered by Hagaar, Baruch comes into the court, and seated himself upon the low ottoman placed for visitors beside the couch of Ariella.

He and Ariella exchanged salutations quietly; but Ariella perceived at once that Baruch was keenly excited upon some matter of which it did not suit him to chatter, and which he was not even willing to introduce hastily. The mother of Ariella sat beside these two afflicted young people for awhile, gossiping of neighborhood trifles. Ariella observed with surprise that Hagaar did not repeat to their visitor the incident in the synagogue so vociferously related by Malachi. The simplest of women grow shrewd at the most unexpected crisis. Hagaar may have felt in the rising storm of public feeling which was beginning to mutter through Judea, and of which the Nazarene was the palpable object, a certain restraint or warning; if this did not take in Hagaar's mind the character of a religious or political claim, at least it presented itself to her as a motive why a woman should hold her tongue, and not anger a prominent husband. Hagaar departed presently upon domestic errands of superior interest to these ecclesiastical and masculine conflicts, and, passing in and out of the court, as the occasion took her, left the young people a little time to themselves. Baruch took advantage of this fact immediately to say:

"Ariella, I have seen him. I have spoken with him."

"And of what didst thou speak?" asked Ariella.

"Canst thou ask me? Of thyself, Ariella."

"Thou takest a great deal of trouble," sighed Ariella, thoughtfully, "for me."

The fine countenance of the blind man turned toward her, as if he saw her; he did not immediately speak, but the silence said more than all the words in the law. The sick girl delicately blushed, as if a little ashamed of herself; as if she had puzzled or played with a man above the slightest evasion of lip; as perhaps she had. It is a weakness into which invalids fall sometimes from excessive effort to appear modest or unselfish.

"Take it, then, Baruch," she murmured humbly.

"Take it, and God bless thee for it and make me worthy of it! What didst thou say of me and my poor life to the Nazarene? And how findest thou him? What happened? How seemed he to thee? What manner of man is he?"

"Like unto no other," answered Baruch solemnly. "Like unto no other man who treads the earth. He hath the touch of a spirit and the voice of one of the sons of God."

"Did he touch thee?" asked Ariella with increasing reverence.

"For a moment he did. He laid his hand upon the sleeve of my robe. Verily, I did feel the pressure of his finger-tip upon the garment's edge, like the grasp of a lover—as if an angel had lifted me. I bowed myself before him, and hid my face and poured my soul out to him in thy behalf. He was walking in the dusty street, among a press of people. The throng was great. They urged me and trampled on me, and he did rebuke them in a voice the like unto which I have not heard, for the music of it and the authority. 'Stand back,' he said, 'stand back, and give room to affliction, which is more sacred than health.' Then they did stand back and gave space to me, and I did speak with him apart."

"Would that I could have heard thee!" fervently said Ariella.

"Would that thou couldst hear Him!" cried Baruch. "And that thou shalt. That thou shalt! He will come to thee. He will come to Bethany and heal thee, Ariella. So said he unto me."

Ariella turned very pale, and sank back upon her pillows. For some moments she did not speak to Baruch; to whom at length, with slow self-restraint, she answered:

"Didst thou ask that of him—to journey hither—for a stranger, a poor sick girl whom nobody knows? How darest thou, Baruch?"

"For thy sake,

the bestowal or the withdrawal of her bright and precious presence. Zahara had said, with considerable promptness, as she stood playing with the tassel of the silken curtain which partly hid her from the young builder's reverent gaze—just ready to dart within or proudly step without, to flee from him, or face him, according to the nature of the next interruption which might befall this stolen interview—he, eager, ardent, at worship, entranced, standing like one of his own beautiful pillars, firmly before her—Zahara had said:

"I think the less of your judgment, Lazarus, for the matter I heard you relate to my father the other day. I thought you were a sensible man. How can you meddle with such low-lived affairs?"

"Explain thyself, Zahara," said Lazarus faintly. But he knew perfectly well what she meant.

"Why this fellow—this Jesus," pouted Zahara. "He is no companion for you."

"He is not my companion," returned Lazarus lifting his head. "He is my master."

"That is worse yet," retorted Zahara, "you cannot expect a lady to approve of such a person."

"I expect nothing, Zahara," said Lazarus manfully, looking straight at her. "But my duty is my own; and my manner of following it must be mine, also."

Zahara returned his look proudly. In her heart she thought the more of this young man for his sturdy speech; but it was not in her nature easily to say so.

"It seems to me," said Zahara, playing with the bangles on the gemmed bracelet that clasped her upper arm, "that this is a very plebeian religion you are interested in."

"The religion of our fathers is the religion of the prophets," answered Lazarus with less assurance. "It is a respectable one Zahara."

"You do not mean that you think, this fellow him of whom the prophets tessified? You have not gone astray with that madness?" Zahara's young lip curled.

"If Jesus of Nazareth be the Messiah," said Lazarus evasively, "I should be sorry to be numbered among those who are ranged against him."

"But come! Do you think he *is* the Messiah?" persisted the lady. "There are so many of them, you understand! They come up like weeds—every day or two."

She spoke with a pretty feminine gesture, a slighting motion, as if the whole subject were beneath a well-born observation. But her countenance expressed serious, almost earnest, attention, an intellectual apprehension of the question not common to the women of her race and time. There seemed to be two Zaharas in the girl; one battled with the other; and one was quite superior to the other; but it was not the superior, by any means, who presumably conquered. She was not a simple Jewish maiden like the damsels whom Lazarus had known. She had will and purpose; she had moreover thoughts.

"Is this Jesus the Messiah?" repeated Zahara.

"How know I?" replied Lazarus. He looked at Zahara. His eyes overflowed with tenderness. He felt at the moment that he knew nothing in this world except that Zahara was. Her own bright gaze drooped before him. The breath of Lazarus came in strong pants. Jesus of Nazareth was forgotten.

Lazarus reached the palace upon this last day of his services there with whirling brain. He still held the flowers in his hand—he could not have told wherefore. He found it difficult to give orders to his artists. His workmen muttered among themselves that the master's wits were gone star-gazing. But Lazarus put the lilies away in the shade of a pillar in a cool spot; there was a little jug of water left by one of the workmen; Lazarus put the stems of the flowers in the water; he had no definite idea in doing this, except that the lilies were precious, being like Zahara; and should be cared for. In the course of the morning one of them upset the jug accidentally, and mopped up the water from the marble floor with an old piece of linen. He flowers he threw away. Awhile after Lazarus asked:

"Jacob, where are the flowers of red and white—left under yonder pillar?"

"Over the wall," said Jacob carelessly.

Lazarus turned upon the man with a sharp rebuke; at which the fellow stared.

"Of what value were the weeds?" returned Jacob with the contempt which the man feels for the mere sentiments—none the less perhaps, because he dare not express it. Then Lazarus remembered in a dazed way, that Jacob did not know that Zahara was a lily, and the lily was Zahara; and she was the lily of red, and the lily of white was she.

Lazarus in silence went without the wall, and found the lilies; they drooped in the scorching noon sun; he gathered them to his heart, and protected them, and refilled the little jug and revived the flowers. They held up their drooping heads and seemed to look as they were before the accident had happened to them. They seemed to have become humbled and disciplined flowers.

The day wore on. Annas the High Priest came out to regard the work. He approved of it and praised it with well-bred reserve.

"I may wish further repairs undertaken in the interior," observed Annas. "But they cannot be managed except the palace is vacated. I shall probably move to my country seat at Capernaum for some weeks in the heat of the season. You can easily work upon the building while my family are absent from it."

Lazarus bowed. He said neither yea nor nay. His heart beat violently. A cloud settled before his eyes. The palace—and Zahara not within it!—to toil up there in the hot weather, and listen to the jabber of the workmen, and the chip-chipping of their tools, and Zahara at Capernaum!

"By the God of my fathers," thought Lazarus, "Annas may look otherwhere for a master builder. Of this job will I none."

But he was discreet enough not to say so. The work was not offered to him yet. He remained so silent that Annas regarded him with a slight frown, and turned haughtily away. Suddenly he turned back and again appostrophized the builder:

"By the way," said the High Priest, urbanely, "what has become of this Nazarene of whom I did converse with you on one occasion?"

"He is about his Father's business," replied Lazarus in a low tone, "He doeth the will of God; as he doeth at all times."

The High Priest smiled a chill, contemptuous smile. He stroked his impressive beard.

"You know him well it seems, my young friend?"

"I have said it. Very well."

"You meet him often, I understand?" asked the Priest. There was a slight flicker in his cold black eyes. The two men watched each other warily.

"I have met him—very often," said Lazarus quietly. "But not of late!" Lazarus hesitated: "No—not of late."

"And pray, may I inquire why?"

"I have been absorbed in business. I have been preoccupied. I have not found it possible to conduct the friendship you speak of as assiduously as I have done at former times—or," added Lazarus, "as I wish to do; and as I mean to do, when I am less engaged."

"How long," insisted the High Priest, "is it since you have spoken with your master?"

He emphasized the last word with a sarcasm at which Lazarus colored.

"I am an unworthy disciple," said the young man quickly; "it is longer than it ought to be, since I have spoken with him whom above all public men in Judea today I do respect."

Now, in fact, it was weeks since Lazarus had taken the trouble to see the Nazarene; so many that he was ashamed to count them in the presence of the most powerful enemy of the new Rabbi and the new faith known to Jewish religious circles. Lazarus felt that he was trying to atone for his too evident neglect by a too apparent devotion of the lip. He felt ashamed, and he felt that Annas knew he felt ashamed; the slight, sharp smile with which the High Priest moved away rankled in the soul of the master builder.

"I will see Jesus," vowed Lazarus to himself, "I will see him before another sun has set."

At this moment he heard a low voice from behind the curtain of the women's ante-chamber—a royal voice; it had purple in it he thought like the woven silk of the curtain; it said:

"Lazarus!"

"Here am I," responded Lazarus hotly.

But nothing further followed. Zahara did not present herself.

Presently he heard her calling to the little maiden she did favor:

"Rebecca! Come thou and comfort me, Rebecca." Lazarus wished he were that little maiden.

Now it fell that the end of that day came and Zahara had not shown her face to Lazarus. He worked on drearily. He was sick at heart.

"Does she not know?" he thought. "Does she not remember? It is the last. I shall see her no more."

But Zahara was not to be seen.

Night came on. The sun dropped; the pool of the evening gathered. The call to prayer sounded from the great Temple. The workmen laid down their tools. The drops stood upon the forehead of Lazarus. His voice grew thick and faint. He looked at his men with a kind of bewildered appeal.

"You seem to be tired out, or you are sick, Master," said he whom they called Jacob, respectfully. "It is a good work. You should rejoice in it." Jacob was especially attentive to Lazarus for the sake of that sweet Mary who sat in the synagogue and prayed to God and remembered no man.

"Yes," returned his master with an effort, "it is an honest work, and does us all credit. Go you to your homes and rest upon it. Or, —— stay. Call at the house of Simon the Leper and make my wish known to Martha, my sister, that she spread a feast for ye in honor of the completion of this our service at the palace of the High Priest. Make yourselves merry, my men; but take your merriment without your master. Behold I would remain alone, and observe the work, and study it until the fall of dusk, that I may not overlook any defect or possible improvement upon it. Leave me, therefore, and go your ways."

The workmen having obeyed, Lazarus stood alone on the portico, and it was the hour of sunset. He could see the quivering cup of the deep sky above the court; the walls of the palace shut him in; he examined the carven pillars with blurring eye and trembling hand; the purple curtain behind him hung listlessly in the still air. Distant steps sounded through the palace and then hushed.

"I must go," thought Lazarus, "I must depart. She cometh not."

He moved unsteadily across the portico, and hardly knowing what he did, and not in the least knowing why, he stooped and took the two flowers, the scarlet lily and and the white, from their shelter in the little jug. As he stood turning them about in his hands, a low voice behind him murmured.

"Lazarus! Not gone yet? You make a long day's work of it."

"Zahara!"

He whirled and saw her, standing quiet near, standing quite still. She was veiled. Her eyes regarded him mernily. She wore the robe of purple and of gold that he had seen upon her when he first saw her. She shone through the twilight like a meteor caught to light the palace. She glittered with many little ornaments and trinkets, such as the girl of the East loves. All the last rays of the departing day were imprisoned by her radiant figure. It seemed to Lazarus that the setting of the sun upon the world was but the little symbol of the setting of this woman upon his life. He would have said somewhat to her, and his lips trembled and were dumb. He bowed his head low before her and placed the two lilies in her little hand.

The merriment faded out of Zahara's face. She drew herself together haughtily; then suddenly, for she looked long and steadfastly upon Lazarus, her queenly regard drooped before him. After a moment's hesitation, she received the flowers with a courteous gesture, and modestly sheltered them in the folds of her robe. The womanliness, nay what might almost be called the tenderness of this action, set Lazarus beside himself.

"Zahara!" he murmured, "thou art the lily of scarlet, for thou shinest like the living fire. And thou art the lily in white, for in truth art as pure as the whitest cloud in heaven. I have the dew from the scarlet flower and I have touched the flower of white to my lips—for thou art—Zahara, thou art the woman of flowers, and the flower of women—thou art fire and snow, and blossom and storm, Zahara!—and I love thee."

The daughter of the High Priest gave one blinding look; in it were reproach and appeal, sorrow and tenderness, pride and terror, repulse and longing—the whole nature of woman was in it. But Lazarus did not understand women. Zahara fled. That was all which Lazarus understood. Zahara fled from him as the shadow of the lily moves upon the grass before the rising wind. The silken curtain swayed and swung. Its purple folds came together with a soft sound like the meeting of delicate lips. Zahara, behind them, had vanished.

Lazarus stood for a few moments confused with anguish; then he bowed himself together, and gathered up the few tools left upon the portico; and the little jug that had held the lilies, and staggered away. An officer of the palace spoke to him and bade him farewell, politely. Lazarus answered, but knew not what. He went out blindly into the dark and felt for the path that led away from the palace.

He did not find it, being so troubled and darkened his mind, and groped about for a little upon the short hot grass on whose parched surface the dew was beginning to fall.

"Nay, then, Lazarus, I would have a word with thee," said a soft voice at his very side. And lo, there like a statue carved out of the tender night, still, dim, and mysterious, was Zahara stood.

"Zahara! Thou wilt be blamed! What will be said to thee? That would kill me. Thou comest—alone—*thou—to me*, Zahara?"

"I go," panted the girl, "I return. I do not stay. I but fled from my father's palace—and no one did observe me; and it is dark; and I fly to my father."

"Thou shouldst never leave me!" cried Lazarus, "if my heart had it will. Thou shouldst shelter thyself within mine arms, and I would call thee mine forever—for I love thee!"

"And I, thee," breathed Zahara faintly. With these incredible words Zahara turned; towered like a princess; and fled like a frightened deer, back to the palace. The darkness closed about her, and shut between herself and her lover as if it were a veil of scented gauze. Lazarus stood like a man struck dead with joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

What Publishers and Authors are Doing for the Reading World.

A. L. Burt, of New York, publishes "Fugitive Facts," an opitome of general information not generally found in cyclopedias, etc., by Robert Thorn. It is an excellent work.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, sends us "The Conversation on Mines," by Wm. Hopton, in which are clearly explained the practical details of working mines.

John B. Alden, New York, issues "Tropical Africa," by Henry Drummond, LL. D., a book giving the features of Africa and life therein.

Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago, publish "Stranded; a Story of the Garden City," a novel, by Edgar R. Beach; paper covers.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, send us a 25 cent paper-covered edition of "The Missing Bride," Mrs. Southworth's celebrated novel.

H. R. Palmer, Lock box 2841, New York City, is both author and publisher of "Palmer's New Pronouncing Dictionary of Musical Terms," which contains 2,600 of these, with pronunciation and definition of each.

NEVER CATCHES COLD.

Bathes Her Neck, Shoulders and Arms with Glycerine and Rose-Water.

Just how the fashionable woman who appears night after night, clad in a tulle dress, kid gloves and slippers and a pearl necklace, manages to escape pneumonia, must ever remain a problem to vex and bother the doctor and philosopher. These lovely creatures are certainly endowed with great endurance, whatever may be said of their sense. Perhaps, as Carlyle said: "Vanity is warmer than down and pride rivals the robe of ermine." But to get at facts, the question was put to a pretty little creature, who never read a line of the sage.

"I don't feel cold at all," she said, "in evening dress. Just before dressing, I bathe my neck, arms, and shoulders in glycerine and rose-water, and after drying with a coarse towel, I have my maid rub me down with alcohol. I don't need this at all, but I do it to please papa. I think, however, it is a good idea for my flesh never gets gooey, and this is my second season, and I haven't had a cold yet. Then I always wear a very warm wrap in the carriage, and when I get home I take a warm bath and go to bed."

Pretty High.

"See that house over there?" said one traveling man to another.

"Yes."

"Bilson, the novelist, built that."

"It's a fine building."

"He paid for it with the proceeds of one story."

"Oh! its pretty high for a one-story house."—[Merchant Traveller.

THE OLD ENEMY.

It is known as a painful inflammation affecting the muscles and joints of the human body; the symptoms of which are swelling of the joints, acute pains and aches. St. Jacobs Oil cures promptly and permanently this enemy which is

RHEUMATISM.

Sandyville, Ohio, June 18, 1888.

Was taken with rheumatism in 1881; suffered at times ever since and used crutches. St. Jacobs Oil relieved me about two years ago. GEO. L. NIXON.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

NOT TOO LATE TO ESCAPE.
Texas Siftings.

Brown—Why, what's the matter, Jones?
Jones (the lady homely but rich)—I startled her with a proposal of marriage.
Brown—Did she accept?
Jones—No, she fainted.
Brown—Can't you escape before she comes to?

THE SKY IN FEBRUARY.

Venus and Saturn the Evening Star—Interesting Changes to be Noted During the Month.

The leading events of popular interest in the astronomical annals of February are the resumption by Venus and Saturn of the role of evening star. Both these occurrences take place on the 18th day of the month. The more interesting of these happennings will be that in which Saturn figures. In a technical sense Saturn has been a morning star since the middle of August last year, although actually it has been in the field of view before midnight every night for several weeks past, rising earlier and earlier each evening. On the 18th it is in the point of the firmament directly opposite the sun, rising in the east at the moment the sun goes down in the west, and remaining in view during the whole night. For a few days before and after the 18th Saturn will be in the brightest phase in which it will appear during 1890.

When Venus comes into view on the 18th of February it will be the first appearance which it has made in the evening sky for about nine months. At the end of April last year Venus set with the sun, and since that time has appeared in the easterly side of the firmament during the morning hours, rising before the sun. For several months past it has been steadily and rapidly drawing near the sun again, and on the 18th, the earth, sun and Venus will be nearly in the same line. Venus' motion being eastward, with respect to the sun, it may be seen in the closing hours of the month low down on the western horizon for a few minutes after sunset. The latter part of March will come, however, before the planet is able to reach a position far enough east from the solar orb to become a prominent object in the evening sky. Venus will not be at its brightest stage, though, until the closing days of June or October, and it will fill the role of evening star until the first week in December.

Uranus will be in the field of vision before midnight during the whole of February. It will rise about 11:30 o'clock in the evening at the beginning of the month and about 9:0 o'clock when the month ends. Uranus can not be readily distinguished just now from the faint stars near it except by aid of a telescope.

Saturn is in the constellation of the Lion. Venus in the Goat, and Uranus in the Virgin.

These are the only planets which are of interest to the ordinary observer that can be seen in any part of the heavens during February. Neptune, the most remote member of the sun's family, which is also in the field of view in the evening, is not visible except through the telescope.

Although Mars is entered on the celestial schedule to make his appearance earlier than midnight in the closing days of February, he will not be high enough above the horizon at that hour at any time in the month to be visible to the ordinary star-gazer. Mars has passed out of the constellation of the Virgin, and is now in the Balance. This planet is drawing closer and closer to the earth, and will be at its brightest in the closing days of May.

Jupiter and Mercury are visible in the morning hours only. The former is still too near the sun to be a conspicuous object in the firmament. About the middle of March, however, it will be a glorious orb, as it comes into view in the east more than two hours earlier than the sun. The giant planet is now in the constellation of the Goat. Until July 30 Jupiter will be a morning star, after which, for the remainder of the year, it will appear in the evening, dividing for a few months, while in the easterly side of the sky, the honors with Venus, which will be nearer the western horizon.

Mercury will be in the field of view in the east in the morning during February for a short time immediately before sunrise. The chances, however, for the average observer to get a glimpse of this elusive orb before the 23d day of the month, when it is at its greatest angular distance from the sun, are not especially flattering. On that day the planet will come into the field of vision in the southeast about an hour and a half earlier than the sun.

The chief conjunctions in which the moon will figure in February are those with Saturn, Mars, Jupiter and Venus. The most interesting of these will be the one first named. This will occur on the 5th of the month. It is the only one which will be in plain view at any time during the evening hours, and it will be visible during nearly the whole night. The moon at that time will have just passed its full stage, and both moon and planet will come into view in the east soon after sunset. The nearest approach of these bodies to each other will be made about midnight, Saturn at that time being about three degrees south of the moon.

The spectacle on that evening will be well worth witnessing. About 8 o'clock, when the moon and planet come fairly into view, Saturn will be near the moon on the south, although both will be in the easterly side of the firmament. In the southerly side of the sky the splendid constellation Orion, with its brilliant stars Betelguese and Rigel, will be seen. Between these and Saturn the flaming Sirius, the brightest of all the "fixed stars," will be in view. Higher above the horizon than Saturn, and near that orb, will shine the beautiful star Regulus, the brightest orb in the constellation of the Lion. Still higher than Regulus, and farther to the southward, Procyon, of the constellation of the Lesser Dog, and Castor and Pollux, of the Twins, will appear, while the celestial picture will be completed with Aldebaran, of the constellation of the Bull, to the north and west of the Orion, the group of smaller stars constituting the Pleiades still further to the westward, with the brilliant orbs of the Bear east of the Pole Star, and those of the Lady in Her Chair west of that luminary.

The conjunction between the moon and Mars will occur on the 12th of February. Both orbs will come into view in the east a little after midnight, and will be visible from that time onward until the morning twilight. When at their nearest to each other they will be only about two degrees apart, or four times the aparent diameter of the full moon, Mars being to the southward. When this conjunction takes place the moon will be entering its last quarter phase, and will have but half the disk turned toward the earth illuminated.

The conjunctions between the moon and Jupiter and Venus will not be of so much interest as that in which Mars appears. The one with Jupiter takes place on the 17th, and that with Venus on the 19th. The first named will not be in view until after 5 o'clock in the morning, when the planet will not be in its most brilliant phase, while that with Venus occurs when, each being near the sun, the radiance of both moon and planet is dimmed with the splendor of the solar rays.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Impaired Vitality

and weakened energy, is wonderfully successful.

His Way of Putting It.

A boy came home from Sunday school one morning and said: "Mamma, a Persian's going to talk this evening in his clothes."

"Why, of course, dear," mamma replied with a smile.

"But I mean in his own clothes," declared the child. "The minister said so."

It was the little fellow's way of interpreting the expression, "in his native costume."—[Harper's Young People.

But Patti Also Soars.

"There is a resemblance between Patti and McGinty."

"I don't see it. McGinty went down, and"——

"Well, Patti is a diva, too."—[Munsey's.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

The passenger freight was caught in time;
They jumped it on the run—
Two men with not a single dime,
Two tramps that beat as one.
—[Oil City Blizzard.

Those who have had it say it is snorty, but not nice.—[Terre Haute Express.

"What shape is a ball?" "Round." "Always?" "Well, this year the snow balls ain't 'round."—[New York Sun.

Voice from above—Hortense, tell the man mamma is out and to call again." Hortense O'Flaherty—Wad yez mojind cumin' again? Mamma's out."—[Time.

Mr. George will soon sail for Australia. But, according to his own theory, he has no right to land there; so it will be interesting to see what he is going to do about it.—[Baltimore American.

Mrs. Newrich (back from honey-mooning in Switzerland)—"Do you remember that lovely gorge up in the mountains, Arthur?" Mr. Newrich—"I do. It was the squarest meal I ever ate."—[Yenowine's News.

Mrs. Jawkins (ironically)—"Good morning, Bridget; you see I am up ahead of you and have the fire made!" Bridget—"Sure, mum, it do be a great pity that yez can't be as careful av yuresilf as Oi am!"—[Texas Siftings.

Customer—"I can't pay two cents for a handful of kindling." Corner Grocer—"If you'll just put your mitt use on the cores plus at five cents a peck. They're the only thing that comes cheaper than kindling."—[Munsey's Weekly.

Guest at restaurant (looking dubiously at broiled fowl)—"Waiter, if this is your spring chicken, take it back and bring me a little old hen." Waiter (changing sixty-cent check for thirty-cent)—"All right, sah. There you are."—[Chicago Tribune.

A little girl up town was saying her "Now I lay me," when she added to the line, "If I should die before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take," "If I don't die, don't take it." Then, in an aside, she remarked: "If I should die I'd be mad."—[Hartford Post.

Some one who discovered that a small sack of camphor hung about the neck would prevent scarlet fever and—that other well known Russian production, grape his recipe to the public. We have tried it for the latter and haven't had it yet, but would rather have it than go round with that sack any longer, smelling like a case of hysterics. Bring on your grip and take the camphor.—[Adrian Press.

The Fall of a Western Editor.

When the first weekly in Washington Territory was established the editor, who was an Ohio printer, made a break in the first issue to establish his reputation as a dangerous man to fool with. He was surrounded by a rough crowd, and he realized that the proper thing to do was to put himself in shape to be sized up according to Hoyle. To effect this he led off with an article abusive of Col. Taylor. The colonel was an imaginary individual, and it was therefore safe to call him a liar and a coward, and to declare that if he ever appeared in town he would be horse-whipped up and down the streets. Every issue for two months contained a hit at Col. Taylor, and he was scored so vigorously, and the editor seemed so anxious for some sort of shooting match with him, that "the boys" treated him with that deference always accorded to a fearless man.

When anybody inquired who the colonel was he was informed that he was a desperado of the worst type, and that he had solemnly sworn to have the editor's life. He was never exactly located or identified, but was always dared to come in like a man and have it out.

One day, just after an issue in which Col. Taylor was stigmatized as a white-livered coyote, and defied to a duel with bowie knives in a dark room, a stranger came slouching into the office, looked about for a while with curiosity, and then said to the editor:

"Well, I'm here."

"Yes, I see, but what for?" was the reply.

"I'm Col. Taylor!"

"No!"

"Him and nobody else. You've been lighting into me like wildcats for a long time past, and I haven't been saying a word. I've got tired of it, however, and now it's got to stop!"

"My dear sir, the Col. Taylor mentioned in——"

"Pull yer gun!" interrupted the colonel as he pulled his.

"But, sir, I beg to assure you that ——"

"Git down on yer knees!"

The editor slid off his chair, his face as pale as death and his hair on end.

"Now eat that!"

The colonel took from his pocket a lump of clay and tossed it on the floor, and he stood there with leveled pistol until the last crumb of it was devoured. Then he put up his weapon and turned to go, saying:

"Next time you open on me I'll come in with a whole bag full of it, and I may conclude to drive the last of it in with a bullet! Go fur the rest of 'em all you want to, but when you strike the name of Col. Taylor, handle it with care!"

And inside of a week the affair leaked out, and so many men came up to lick the editor, and so many did lick him, that he jumped the plant one night and was never heard of again.—[New York Sun.

Let Them Fight.

The socialists of Chicago repudiate Most and suggest that he should be treated as an "agent of despotism," which means, of course, that he should be blown up with dynamite.

There is no love lost between the two, and it might be a good thing for the country to turn both parties loose in a 40-acre lot and let them settle their differences after the fashion of the two Kilkenny cats.—[New York Herald.

For the Sake of Argument.

Jangler (a chronic kicker)—"Say, whew! but that razor pulls like a mowing machine."

Barber—"Must be mistooken, sah!"

"Mistaken? Why, blast it, man, do you suppose I don't know how it feels? Mistaken, eh? What makes you think so?"

"Nuffin', sah, only I aint begun to shave yer yit. Jes' puttin' on de lather."—[Lawrence American.

Didn't Accomplish Anything.

The sky became black, and there was considerable thunder, but the clouds drifted away, and there was no rain.

"Mamma, that was just like what you say about me," remarked a little fellow. "It made a big noise, but didn't 'complish nothing."—[Harper's Young People.

Average Cost of a Locomotive.

The average cost of a locomotive is $10,000, and, during its life, it will run about 200,000 miles.

Daughters of Eve.

Of all the girls I call to mind,
From Mary down to Mandy,
There's not a single one, I find,
Who said she hated candy.
—Judge.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

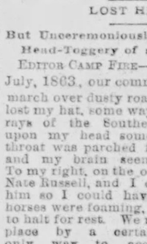
COMRADES, HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

THE BLADE believes that now is the time to do some energetic work to obtaining justice for the veterans of the Union armies of 1861-65 in the matter of pensions. Read what is said on the editorial page (the 4th), headed, "How About Pensions?" and give us aid in the movement. THE BLADE is the disinterested friend of the soldiers, as its readers well know, and is not the organ of the claimagents. We simply want too long delayed justice done to the men who saved the Union.

Read the article on the fourth page, and then send us, *at once*, the names of all the Republicans in your neighborhood who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail to them sample copies of the number containing the first of this series of pension articles. We must arouse public sentiment to the *striking* pitch. Send in the names by dozens, by scores, by hundreds, that as many voters may be reached as possible!

CONFISCATING BRANDY.

The Bakers and Harnessmakers Get Away With the Georgian's Liquor.



IN THE summer of 1864, John L. Race and myself were detailed to run a harness shop, detached as a post shop, under the supervision of the regimental quartermaster. We each drew ten days' rations, and boarded with Mrs. Brown, an aged widow, who cooked our rations. A post bakery was also detached and located near the harness shop. Three men from the 2d O. H. A. (Co.'s B and C), were placed in charge. One day in August, just before Gen. Wheeler made the raid through East Tennessee, a Georgia man came along, who had a 12-gallon keg of 3-year-old peach brandy, which he was anxious to sell to the soldiers. He knew that the sale must be made on the sly, and first mentioned the fact that he had brandy to sell at the harness shop. The bake shop boys soon heard of it, and the question of buying was discussed. But we feared a spy might report our action to the commandant or provost marshal. The Georgia man also was in fear, lest his keg of brandy would be confiscated. Before nightfall a scheme was projected among the bakers and harnessmakers. We well knew that the man would not dare report us, and so arranged to play patrols, and confiscate that brandy! The stranger wished to sell, and we were willing to buy; but—if our scheme would work, a jolly lot we'd be. The Georgia man perceived he had made a mistake, therefore he became privy to our scheme and allowed us to confiscate the brandy.

The detail consisted of one sergeant of guard, one corporal and three privates. One private carried the keg on his shoulder, followed by the guard with the Georgia man under arrest, and all proceeded to the harness shop. The capture was made at 9 o'clock p. m., between the rounds of the regular post patrols. The prisoner was conducted to a secluded place and told to leave, and avoid a regular arrest; he seemed glad to get off on such easy terms. The brandy was freely sampled that (Thursday) night, and Saturday night the keg was hidden in a brush-heap on the bank of the creek, among the blackberry bushes. Sunday morning two Tennessee scouts discovered the keg, and rode into town with the keg in charge of one of the riders. The "find" was reported, the blame saddled onto the harnessmakers and bakers, and the whole gang was arrested, except the writer—I hid in a building among a few convalescent soldiers quartered there. Peeping out through a knot-hole, I saw the arrests made. The harnessmakers did no harm while under the influence of the brandy, and were left go; but the bakers had spoiled a whole "batch" of bread for the post.—W. HIMES, Lyons, Ohio.

LOST HIS HAT,

But Unceremoniously Appropriated the Head-Toggery of an Old Gentleman.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—One very hot day in July, 1863, our command was on a forced march over dusty roads. I had previously lost my hat, some way, and the scorching rays of the Southern sun beat down upon my head something terrible. My throat was parched from want of water, and my brain seemed fairly on fire. To my right, on the outside, rode Comrade Nick Russell, and we changed places with him so I could have more room. Our horses were foaming, but we had no time to halt for rest. We must get to a certain place by a certain time, and the only way to accomplish the feat was by fast and diligent travel. The rear guard kept well closed up. We were marching by fours, and in changing position with Nate I was in the outside file. You may believe I was on the lookout for anything in the shape of a hat. The opportunity to procure that article of wearing apparel was soon presented. We approached a neat little cottage. At the gate in front stood a young lady smiling a welcome to the Yankees who were passing by. At the lady's side stood a gray-haired, venerable-looking old gentleman. Luckily for me the cottage stood on my side of the road. As I was passing close by the gate I gently lifted the old patriarch's hat from his head and in a twinkling I transferred my own a boiling top-knot. I glanced back as I rode on, and the reproachful look I saw on that fine old gentleman's face haunted me for weeks afterwards.

The hat in question was one of those comical-looking old felt affairs, of a drab color, wide brim, running nearly to a peak at the top, and had a drawstring in the lining. It was equally well adapted for defending the head from rain or heat, though rather too heavy for comfort. I kept the hat a long time, hoping that I might be in that vicinity again before the war closed, and return it to the proper owner; but that opportunity never offered for the young lady, or any of that old man's friends chance to read this, my confession. I humbly beg their pardon and will make any restitution in my power, at this late day, if they will correspond with me.—DAN KNIGHT, 5th Iowa Cav., Colfax, Iowa.

SHOOTING JOHNNIES.

"Can't Most Always Sometimes Tell"—An Impromptu Shooting Match.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The question, "How many rebs did you shoot?" is frequently asked. Perhaps there is not more than one in five hundred who can say for a certainty that he "slew his Johnny."

I recollect positively of one man in the 86th Ills., who killed a Johnny when we were marching out of Huntsville, Ala. Deploys extended on each side of the road into the woods. A bushwhacker was hidden in a depression near the road. As we advanced, the sharp report of a rifle-shot from a Yank's musket quickly finished his career. His body we left to be buried by his friends. In his possession was a pass, given to him by our provost marshal the day previous, as he had professed to be loyal, and had been all through our camp.

One night, in battle, I have a man single out at which to shoot, but where so many were firing simultaneously, one had no positive means of knowing, even though he may have seen the same individual fall, whether the ball from his own particular musket did the killing or no. The same may occur when shooting from behind breastworks. I knew one instance in which a Johnny and a federal exchanged shots for nearly half a day. Both were shielded by two large trees, distant apart about 40 rods. The Johnny would step out from behind his protecting tree, and Mr. Yank would salute him with a shot; but Mr. Johnny would see the smoke from the federal's gun, and step behind the tree in time to avoid being hit by the bullet. At last the Yankee discovered, by watching the smoke from the rebel's gun and listening when the bullet struck his tree, that Mr. Johnny was too smart for him, and no acknowledged himself beaten.—A. F. WEBBER, Principal Musician 86th Ills., Camp Grove, Ills.

THREE DARK NIGHTS

With the Bushwhackers—Human Telegraph Line—The Spencer Rifles.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—One dark night while on the campaign after Gen. Bragg, from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, two companies received orders, at Tullahomo, to go at once to Duck river bridge. The bushwhackers had made several attempts to burn the bridge at that point. It was so dark we could scarcely see an arm's length ahead. The railroad over which we marched in single file, had been ballasted with "nigger-heads," and over this route we marched a distance of about 11 miles, arriving at the bridge in the after part of the night, the most worn out set of men I ever saw. Soon as we arrived a picket post was put out. I was drawn as guard and stationed at one end of the railroad bridge. The comrades can appreciate my feelings. Not knowing my surroundings, every noise I heard, it seemed as if I could see a bushwhacker rise up to shoot me.

The second dark night I have in mind, was the night before the battle of Chickamauga. We were Gen. Rosecrans's headquarters guards, at Crawfish Springs. I never knew exactly why we were called out that night. As on the previous occasion, we marched single file. After proceeding some distance, the men behind me began dropping off, one by one, within hearing distance of each other. We were then in a dense thicket, and held on to each other's coat-tails to avoid getting lost. Instructions were given that each man should repeat to the next one, whatever word might be given him. It was a trying time, I thought; it was much easier to face danger shoulder to shoulder with your comrades. But no news passed over that human telegraph line that night, and we were relieved to attend to the more important duties of the day.

The third dark night of the service was after the battle of Chickamauga. We were stationed near Fort Wood, in front of Mission Ridge. The rebel sharpshooters were between us and Bridgeport, and were keeping back our beef cattle and provisions by shooting everything that ventured into the road running between the mountain and the river. The boys no doubt remember the boiled corn they had to eat then. Gen. Grant had just taken charge of the army, and we were ordered out (in the night, as usual), to silence the rebel sharpshooters on the river road. The 18th Ky. Reg. had been sent to that place, but their Enfield rifles would not "carry" across the river. We were armed with Spencer rifles, considered at that time the longest range guns used by an army. We were each ordered by Capt. Barber to construct, during the night, a breastwork of stones, and not fire a shot in the morning until he fired his revolver as a signal. The rebels were not aware of what had taken place during the night. Morning came and with it the captain's signal. Two days afterwards the rebels retired and we crossed the river.—THOMAS GILLESPEY, Grover Hill, O.

M'CLELLAN'S CAMPAIGNS.

A Sketch by Comrade H. M. Jones, Late Member of the Fifth Corps.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The observation party sent by Gen. Hooker toward Richmond (referred to last week) went within two and a half miles of the city, and found all the outer defenses abandoned. Hooker sent an aid to McClellan, saying: "I can take the city of Richmond with my division." Gen. McClellan ordered Hooker to recall his troops, and censured him for making the movement without orders from him. No attempt was made to take advantage of the evident panic of Lee's forces, and his lines were re-established, and not again disturbed until the Seven Days' battles commenced. Thus another opportunity for McClellan to distinguish himself, and the Army of the Potomac, was deliberately thrown away. Afterwards, information obtained showed that Lee expected a general attack, and was very doubtful if he could hold the city, while the citizens were panic-stricken, and leaving the city by every available means. At this time the country was not fortified at every available point, as it was at a later period in the war; the only fortifications encountered in this advance on Richmond, was the line of works at Yorktown.

Twenty-four hours before the battle of Gaines's Mill commenced, a scouting party composed of the 17th N. Y. and 18th Mass. Inft., two regiments of cavalry, and a flying battery, under Gen. Stoneman, were sent out to look for Jackson, and give warning of his approach. This force bivouacked for the night at Old Church, about twelve miles from the right wing of the army. The next morning it was discovered that Jackson had passed them during the night on another road. The guns at Gaines's Mill apprised them that the battle had commenced. A little investigation showed that Jackson was between them and the army, and they made tracks for White House Landing, by way of Tunstall's Station. Gunboats and transports were found there, and an immense store of army supplies. The two regiments of infantry were sent down the river by transport, the cavalry and artillery proceeded to Fortress Monroe by land, the supplies and all the buildings were fired and destroyed. The two regiments of infantry reached Harrison's Landing in the evening of the day that the battle of Malvern Hill was fought.

The 40,000 men under Jackson joined Lee without difficulty. Jackson having hoodwinked Pope, who was watching him, by doubling his outposts, and making demonstrations of attacking him; before Gen. Pope had missed him, his troops had marched 40 miles, and were engaged in the battle of Gaines's Mill. The battle of Gaines's Mill was fought on the 27th of June. Porter, with the 5th Corps, which did not exceed 25,000 men, against Jackson's 40,000, assisted by 20,000 of Lee's army. The remainder of the Union forces did not take part in this battle, and although Porter repeatedly sent dispatches to McClellan for assistance, no reinforcements were sent to him until 4 o'clock p. m., when he was given one brigade. Nevertheless, Porter held his ground till night on one of the hardest contested fields of the war. After darkness had settled down Porter was ordered to withdraw to the north side of the river, and did so during the night. The other battles that are known in history as "the Seven Days' battles before Richmond," were a repetition of the Gaines's Mill affair. The army was fought in detachments, were not defeated or driven at any time; but were ordered to withdraw to new positions for the next day's fight. As the different corps commanders necess

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Hand Ball.

In reply to a recent question, we give the following on the game of hand ball: Hand ball is now considered a distinctively Irish sport, but historical accounts make it certain that hand ball was a favorite pique in Rome four centuries before Christ. The same game is now the most popular athletic diversion of the Emerald Isle. The first thing requisite for a contest is a court of specially constructed material. This is really a large hall of which the ground surface is of no more importance than the surrounding walls and the roofs. The dimensions of these surfaces are always the same. The room must be 30 feet in height, 20 feet in width and the distance between the front and rear walls 66 feet. A straight line marked across the floor divides the court into equal parts. The floor is usually made of hard wood boards, closely and smoothly fitted together. Sometimes it is only bare ground and again solid asphalt. The side and front walls are of hard cement, smoothed to as perfect a level as possible. The roof, through which all the light is admitted, is covered over with a strong wire netting.

The only requisite for the game beyond the court is the ball to be used, and this the rules specify shall be about two inches in diameter, well one and three-quarter ounces in weight. It is made of the same material as the league base ball, though a trifle more lively and not as hard.

A hand-ball contest is always between two or four players. When two play, one man is called the server and the other the player. The server stands at the line drawn across the hall 35 feet from the front wall. Upon the signal to play from the referee he bounds the ball upon the floor. As it returns to a level with his thigh the server strikes it with one hand, his intention being to have the ball hit the front wall and rebound to the floor in contact with the floor. As the ball rebounds, the player, who has taken his position anywhere inside the 35 foot line, must strike the ball with his hand against the front wall, subject to the rule that he must hit that it will rebound to some point in the court where the server cannot reach it. But should the server be able to get to the ball he must again hit it with one hand, and to again attempts to make such a play that it will be beyond his opponent's control. If it does not the latter makes his stroke with the same purpose as before.

This alternate play is continued till one contestant fails to force the ball against the front wall. If this be the player the first "hand" or round is concluded and a score of one point, or ace, is credited to the server. But if it shall be the scorer who misses the ball, no score is made by the player. In the next hand ball opportunity to make the "ace" is given, for the relative position of the men is changed, the player becoming the server and the server the player. In this way each player may be made by the player, though the object of each man is always the same—to put his opponent out.

This play is continued, the position of the men being exchanged every time a fault is made, until one game is scored of 21 aces, when the game is declared his. When four men play the game is hardly more complicated. The server and player then each have a partner, and they occupy the same positions relative to the dividing line. If, when it becomes the player's turn to make the strike, the ball rebounds to a point nearer his partner than himself, the latter makes the play upon that server's book, or may by the ball his partner assists him under the same circumstances. Less quickness of movement and violent exercise is therefore necessary in the double game, but the elements of considering the plays of two opponents instead of one and of relying upon the judgment of a partner are introduced.

A list of the rules is appended for the benefit of those who may desire to make a trial at the game. It may be played in a room of ordinary size, and a simple form of the game, but very enjoyable and vigorous, may be played, against the bare side of a barn.

In a four-handed game the party winning the toss gets only one hand. Three short plays in succession shall be a hand out. The server's partner shall stand inside the ace line with his back to the other side wall until the ball strikes the front wall.

All balls striking your opponent shall be "hinders" except when the ball goes by, when it shall be payable the same as if not with no obstruction.

Any ball striking yourself or partner before return shall be foul. All balls striking any part of the person except the hand or foot shall be foul and not playable.

If the server strikes either side wall, roof or floor before the front wall, it is a hand out.

If in the opinion of the referee any person stops the ball intentionally it shall count against him except when the server's partner is the server, or his partner plays the ball before it bounds after being served, when it shall be a hand out.

When a ball served is short the player has the privilege of using his hand or foot. If the hand is used it counts the same as if over. If the foot, the striker or his partner has the privilege of stopping the ball before it strikes the front wall. If the ball after being struck with the foot reaches the front wall the striker or his partner shall have the privilege of stopping it.

All balls played with the two hands together shall be fair, and all balls going on the gallery shall be foul and played over.

The server shall at all times give his opponent time to take his position in the outer court before serving.

History of Millet's "Angelus."

J. G. W., Effingham, Kan., writes: 1.—Can you give me a short history of the painting called "The Angelus?" By whom painted, and what ball it is hung in, and what is the value, or estimated value of the painting?

The "Angelus" was painted in 1859, by Jean Francois Millet, a celebrated French painter, who died in 1875. At the time it was painted Millet was depressed and gloomy, for he was for a long time underpaid and unappreciated. His early life was painful, and some of his first works sold at very small prices. But, beginning in 1848, when he exhibited "The Winnower"—the picture by which he first showed his purpose to abandon the gallantries of mythology, with their bathing women and swans—all was changed. He left the domain of matters purely picturesque; he had found his hero—the peasant, the appropriate accessory—nature. He was saved. The battle was not yet over. In adopting a new style Millet exposed himself to many disappointments. There was necessary much courage to abandon the old and the way to appreciate art for the strange manners of an unknown art. But by degrees the very strangeness of this art drew to itself a following of genuine connoisseurs—that is, of people who knew for themselves.

Millet's talent was defined in 1851, in "The Sower," and in 1853 in three pictures with an original and intense savor—"The Sheepshearer," "The Shepherd," and "The Winnowers"—and a sort of group was formed among the buyers who considered Millet as one of the surest hopes of the new school, and as one of the most incontestable among the coming masters. A narrow circle of connoisseurs was formed, which bought Millet's work nearly as fast as produced. Nearly all that left his studio brought on the spot 1,500f, 2,000f, sometimes 4,000f; and as the indefatigable laborer was not yet touched, he harvested, not a fortune, but what was necessary, all that could be necessary, for the nurture of nine children; and the household, it must be said, lived without privations. He was not rich, but the stories of his extreme and startling poverty have been refuted by people living, notably several members of his own family.

When "The Angelus" was painted Millet demanded 3,000 francs for it, or $600. He received 1,800 francs from M. Feydeau, its first owner. For several years after the picture was neglected by Feydeau, when it passed into the possession of P. Blanc, who also paid 3,000 francs for it. M. Blanc thought as little of the treasure that he cheerfully parted with it to Arthur Stevens for the amount originally paid. M. Blanc was the father-in-law of Mr. Stevens. The latter, however, was an ardent and sincere admirer of Millet, and he offered "The Angelus" for sale. After months of effort it was sold to M. Jules Van Praet, the Belgian minister, for the small sum of 5,000 francs, or $1,000. From this collector the picture came into the possession of Emile Gavit. He is an architect in Paris, who owned nearly all of Millet's works, including his pastels. At one time he had over 150 pictures and drawings by the famous artist. M. Gavit paid but 2,500 francs for the picture. Previous to that M. Van Praet had traded off "The Angelus" for a large canvas by Millet, known as "The Shepherdess," which he has kept to this day.

Durand Ruel, the noted Paris art dealer, had been the friend and patron of Millet, as well as other famous French artists. Mons. Ruel became owner of "The Angelus," in 1872. He paid 80,000 francs for the picture, equal to $16,000. He kept the picture three years. At the same time he owned such works of Millet as "The Sheepfold," now in possession of Mr. Walters, of Baltimore; "The Potato Planters," owned by Quincy Shaw, of Boston; "The Shepherd and His Flock," owned at present by Henry Gibson, of Philadelphia, and some fifty other pictures by Millet. In 1875 M. Ruel sold "The Angelus" to John M. Wilson, of Paris. At this time Millet had become better appreciated in the art world, and Mr. Wilson paid 38,000 francs for "The Angelus." The Wilson collection was sold in 1881 in Paris. "The Angelus" had an upset price set upon it of 150,000 francs. Defoer Bey purchasing it for 160,000 francs. At that time Secretan and Defoer had entered into a compact not to bid against each other after a certain figure was reached, and the right of purchase was decided by lots between the two. Secretan becoming the owner. The public knows that the French copper syndicate, of which Secretan was the head, c llapsed, and, on July 1, 1889, "The Angelus" was sold to James F. Sutton for the fabulous sum of 553,000 francs, or $110,600, to become the property of the American Art association.

This is an association which has for its apparent object the buying of pictures for show purposes, and probably selling them again after the drawing power is over. There has been an immense amount of nonsense written about this painting, and discussion of all sort seems to have been fostered for advertising purposes. The one fact of importance is that it was sold for $110,600, presumably the highest price ever paid for a similar work of art. On the principle that "money talks," this makes "The Angelus" the greatest painting in existence. It was brought to this country last year, and exhibited for several weeks in New York. It was then taken to Chicago, where it now is, and after it is exhibited there, will, it is said, be taken back to France.

2.—The Chicago river empties into Lake Michigan at Chicago.

Religious Views of Our Presidents.

Inquirer, Alba, Ore.: We find the following article on the religious views of the Presidents of the United States, but cannot vouch for all of the statements. If there are any errors, we wish friends would inform us:

"It is strange that there is so great curiosity as to the religious views of public men, when we consider that the constitution allows entire freedom of belief, or no belief at all, and provides that no religious test whatever being made as a qualification for office of any kind. This being the case, a man's views on religious subjects are purely private matters, and nobody's business. We shall endeavor, however, to state briefly what is known on this matter regarding our Presidents:

"Washington was a member of what is now the Protestant Episcopal church, but there is some doubt as to how far he went in that direction to the liberal views of many of the Revolutionary leaders. John Adams was of Puritan ancestry, but he seems to have been unable to subscribe to the doctrines of Calvin, and was very liberal in his religious views. Thomas Jefferson was practically an infidel. James Madison, was, we think, an Episcopalian, and so was James Monroe. John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, was a pious man, and probably a Congregationalist. Andrew Jackson always entertained a belief in Christianity, and in his last days made a profession of religion. Martin Van Buren was, so far as we can ascertain, not a member of any church. William H. Harrison was, we believe, a church member, and we think a Presbyterian. John Tyler was an Episcopalian. James K. Polk was, we believe, a Presbyterian. Zachary Taylor came of an Episcopalian family. Millard Fillmore was nominally a Christian, though we can not find that he was a member in full communion. Franklin Pierce appears to have been a Congregationalist. We do not find that James Buchanan paid any attention to religious matters; at least as a professing Christian. Abraham Lincoln was not a professing Christian. He was a devout man, however, and believed in a God. Andrew Johnson's religion seems to have been a mere formal acquiescence in accepted views. U. S. Grant attended Methodist service, but was not a member of any church organization. R. B. Hayes is a Methodist. James A. Garfield was a member of the Disciple, or "Campbellite" church. Chester A. Arthur was the son of a Baptist clergyman, and a regular church attendant. Grover Cleveland has no church affiliations. Benjamin Harrison is a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, and strict in his religious views."

Credit Mobilier.

Teacher, Higginsville, Mo.: "Credit Mobilier" was the name of a corporation formed for the purpose of building the Union Pacific railroad. It was chartered in Pennsylvania, and afterwards passed under the control of Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames, of Massachusetts. In August, 1867, the Credit Mobilier, through Oakes Ames, contracted to build, of the Union Pacific, 637 miles of railway, at prices that aggregated $47,000,000. This being a very advantageous contract, the prices of Credit Mobilier shares rose to 200 per cent in November, 1867, and 300 to 400 per cent in February, 1868. Oakes Ames was at that time a member of the House of Representatives, and fearing legislation adverse to the Union Pacific, undertook to place some stock of the Credit Mobilier with members of the House, in order to thus prevent adverse legislation. In December, 1867, he entered into contracts with various members of the House to sell the stock at par, merely stating that it was a good investment, and asserting, when questioned, that no embarrassment could result from their holding stock, as the Union Pacific had all the government aid it wanted. Some of the members paid cash for their stock, while to some poorer ones Ames advanced the money, agreeing to apply the dividends of the profits to the payment. Two dividends received in 1868 sufficed to pay for the stock of these members, and leave a small balance due them. This balance, in Garfield's case, was $329, and this was the origin of the "329" cry against him in 1880. The action of Oakes Ames leaked out in 1872, and when Congress assembled in December of that year, an investigation was ordered, on motion of James G. Blaine, then Speaker. The committee on investigation recommended the expulsion of Oakes Ames for having attempted to bribe members by sales of stock below its value, and James Brooks, of New York, for receiving the stock, knowing it was intended as a bribe; for as he was a non-participant in the profits of the Union Pacific, he must have known that the Credit Mobilier was to be paid in Union Pacific bonds —of which fact the other members who bought stock were ignorant. The House did not expel them, but passed a resolution declaring them subject to the "absolute condemnation of the House."

U. S. Revenue for 1889.

J. F. P., Somonauk, Ill., asks: "Will you please state the whole income of the United States for the last year—the amount received from duties on imports, the amount received from the liquor business, and all other sources, as near as you can separate them?"

The total receipts of the United States government for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889, were as follows:

Customs tariff	$223,832,742
Internal revenue taxes	130,881,514
Sales public lands	8,038,652
All other sources	24,297,151
Total receipts	$387,050,059

The following are the separate items of the Internal Revenue receipts given in bulk in the above table:

Distilled spirits	$ 74,302,887 98
Tobacco	31,862,196 19
Fermented liquors (beer, ale, etc.)	23,723,835 26
Oleomargarine tax	893,823 91
Other collections	5,568 41
Penalties	83,893 09
Total	$130,878,382 93

These figures are not quite the same as the total given in the table above, but the authority we quote does not explain where the discrepancy lies.

Senatorial "Millionaires."

J. J. R., Lovington, Ill.: There is a large amount of nonsense talked about the "millionaires" in the United States Senate. Here are the facts about the richest men in the Senate, so far as we can learn them:

Senator Hale, of Maine, is rich—the fortune being inherited by his wife from her father.

Cameron, of Pennsylvania, inherited a handsome fortune from his father.

Payne, of Ohio, is a millionaire, obtained in the Standard Oil company. Brice, his successor, is also a millionaire, obtained by the Nickel Plate railway deal. Sherman is not worth a quarter of a million.

Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, became wealthy in the lumber business; his colleague, Senator Palmer, is well off, though not a millionaire, obtaining his money in various banking, steamboat, railway and manufacturing enterprises.

Farwell, of Illinois, is a millionaire, making his money in wholesale trade.

Sawyer, of Wisconsin, is a millionaire, through the lumber business.

The two California senators, Stanford and Hearst, are both millionaires—the former through the Central Pacific railroad, and the latter through silver mining.

Both the Colorado senators, Teller and Wolcott, are worth millions.

Brown, of Georgia, is rated at two millions.

Barbour, of Virginia, is a millionaire.

Your other question is answered elsewhere.

Latin and Greek Scientific Terms.

Teacher, Texas City, Ill., asks: "Why are Latin and Greek words used in the naming of the bones and muscles, and, in fact, all the parts of the body? Why could not we use English words? Why not, for instance, call the breast-bone the breast-bone instead of the 'sternum?' Would it would be much easier for pupils in our schools to learn the English words instead of Latin? Please explain why usage has adopted words from other languages?"

The Latin language is the one used in all the sciences, medicine, botany, geology, natural history, etc., as well as anatomy and physiology, for the scientific names of objects with which these sciences concern themselves. You should know that Latin was the learned tongue, in which all theological, geographical, medical and scientific works were written, up to a little over a century ago. All learned men know Latin as well as their mother tongues, and a work printed in Latin could be read by everybody interested in whatever subject it treated, without the necessity of translation. That practice has been abandoned, but the names of objects are still kept in Latin—for wherever a Greek root is used in forming a scientific name, it is given the Latin terminations, the same it would have in adopting it into Latin from the Greek—for the convenience it is to those interested in that science. Pupils in school should be taught their names used in their schoolbooks, and not the English names. There is no reason why a boy should be taught to call his tibia the "shin-bone," or his patella the "kneepan," or that English names should be devised for the os hyoides, or the vomer, or the aorta, or for the large number of parts of the body which have no names in our language. The Latin names are generally shorter, too; for instance, the "longissimus dorsi" means, literally, "the longest muscle of the back." Your other queries are answered elsewhere.

Cable Messages.

"Subscriber" asks: 1.—How are the messages taken off the Atlantic cables? By an instrument known as "Thomson's siphon recorder." The current from the cable passes through a coil of wire suspended between the poles of magnets. The coil turns either right or left, according to the direction of the current through it. The motion of the coil is communicated to a glass siphon, which is fed with ink from a convenient receptacle. The ink is electrified, and spurts out against a strip of paper moved by clockwork, and draws an undulating line which indicates the letters of the message. The plan first used, and which is still continued, we think, through some of the cables, was similar to the above, except that the ink carried a little mirror, on which a single ray of light was thrown from a lamp. This ray was reflected to a screen, and the movements of the spot of light were watched by the operator, who called the letters out one by one, and they were taken down by an assistant.

2.—Col. Ingersoll has not changed his views on religion. 3.—Alaska was never made a county of the territory or state of Washington.

Some Financial Questions.

A. A., Irving, Ill.: 1.—Ask the person who said that millionaires are the result of "class legislation" to point out one millionaire, and specify the law under which he was enabled to become so. He can not do it. 2.—The decrease in the amount of national bank circulation has been more than made up by the increase in the amount of silver dollars and silver certificates.

3.—The government could have issued greenbacks in the start, during the war, in p ace of the bonds; but they would have become worthless during the dark days of the struggle, because no foreign power would have taken them. A large part of the money the war cost us was obtained from abroad, because there was not money enough here to be invested. Greenbacks are not money; they are only promises to pay money. The fact that the bonds were made payable in gold, and their interest in gold, aided in floating them abroad. It is impossible to pay the bonds off in greenbacks, because the bonds themselves provide that they shall be paid in coin.

Agnostics.

E. W. H., Powana, Kan: 1.—The word "agnostic" simply means "one who does not know." An agnostic, in this instance, on the existence of God, simply does not know whether there is one or not. He admits that there may be, but considers that there is no proof that he accepts as conclusive. Of course, in such a case, he will not accept the testimony of the Bible; for, if he does not believe in it, he simply states what certain men say, and he cannot accept hearsay evidence. You will thus see that your question, in the form you ask it—what is the belief of agnostics?—is impossible of direct answer. Agnostics have no creed, no form of belief. They do not form a religious sect. They believe nothing which cannot be proved by methods which they deem satisfactory to themselves.

2.—We do not understand what you mean by "What causes the sudden variation of the moon from its orbit?" The moon makes no "sudden" variation. Explain your question fully, and we will try to answer.

The President's Expenses.

J. J. R., Lovington, Ill., asks: "What does the President get appropriated besides his salary for living expenses, etc.? Nothing, as he has to buy, out of his own pocket, all the food he and his family and his own servants consume. You must remember that the White House is not only the President's residence, but that a large part of it is devoted to the public service, just like business offices are. Congress annually appropriates the money to pay the salaries of the private secretary, executive clerk and messengers, and thirteen doorkeepers, ushers, messengers, etc., all of whom have duties in connection with the official part of the White House. The money for their payment does not go through the President's hands at all. The President hires the cooks and other servants of the family, the same as any other citizen would, out of his own pocket. The government buys the furniture, carpets, etc., for the rooms used as offices, and for the reception of visitors, of course, as it should do.

Silver Questions.

A. M. O., Simpson, Kan.: 1.—The bullion value of silver depends entirely upon the relative supply and demand, the same as does the value of wheat, or potatoes, or gold. The principal market for it is in London, and it is ordinarily said that the price is "fixed" in London; this, however, is not strictly correct. A silver quotation does not make the weather colder or warmer; it simply registers the changes; so the London market simply registers the changes in the relative supply and demand of silver, as expressed in its price.

2.—An United States silver dollar will not pass as money in England at all. It would be treated just the same as silver bullion, and bring just the same price. 3.—Your millionaire question is discussed elsewhere.

Wampum.

J. A. A., Ruthven, Iowa: 1.—Wampum is the name of shell beads used for ornament and as currency by the Indians of New England and New York. There were two kinds of wampum "wampumpeag," which was made from conch and periwinkle shells; and "suckanhock," purplish-black, made from the hard-shell clam, and worth twice as much as the white. The shell was broken in pieces, rubbed smooth on a stone till about as thick as a pipe-stem, then cut, and pierced with a drill. It was then strung in long strands, or in belts, which were simply broad bands of cloth or buckskin, on which the beads were sewed closely together, generally in a rude pattern.

2.—No really learned scientist pays any attention to it.

African Civilization.

C. B. S., La Cygne, Kan.: 1.—Africa once held the highest civilization known to the ear y world—during the centuries when Egypt was in the height of her glory. Carthage was on the northern coast of Africa, and was long a rival of Rome herself. Later, the Moorish civilization arose. 3. The people enumerated above—Egyptians, Moors, Carthaginians, and Arabs—were not negroes. The home of the negro race is south of the Great Desert; and it is not probable that there ever was any other race inhabiting that portion. 3.—There are several railways in Egypt, the principal one being the line from Alexandria to Cairo and thence to Suez, and the line from Cairo up the Nile to Siout. We think there are also some lines in South Africa.

Geological Surveys.

T. H. P., Mt. Leonard, Mo.: A geological survey is to determine the place of the territory included in it in the geological scale—to ascertain the different geological formations, their order of superposition, their dip and thickness; to investigate the different formations; their fossils, etc., as well as their economic importance; and many other facts which add to the sum of general scientific knowledge. When the general facts as to the geology of an area are understood, the likelihood of finding valuable minerals—ores, coal, salt, etc.,—can be pointed out; the data are at hand to determine the qualities and compositions of soils, and many other points of importance. It is impossible to give, within reasonable space, the details of making such survey.

Henry M. Stanley—Over Niagara.

Teacher, Texas City, Ill.: 1.—Henry M. Stanley was born in a poor-house in Wales. We do not recall his right name; but he was adopted by a New Orleans gentleman named Stanley, whose name he took.

2.—No living person ever went over Niagara Falls, and lived. The story telegraphed from Buffalo last summer regarding such a feat, was the consciousness work of some liar. No newspaper of reputation would publish such a story, knowing it to be false; but the Associated Press agent at Buffalo was deceived, and put the story on the wires, and a large number of papers published it. So far as we observed, they all published a correction a few days later.

Edible Birds' Nests.

C. H. A., Vicksburg, Mich.: Edible birds' nests are a great luxury in China. These nests are built by a species of swallow. They are formed of grass, seaweed fibers, etc., and are attached to the rocky sides of caverns by a gelatinous substance, which the swallow secretes from the salivary glands under the tongue. The nests are gathered after the young are hatched, twice a year. Only the gelatinous substance is eaten. It is rated as a great delicacy, sometimes selling as high as $30 a pound; and hence it is seen only on the tables of the wealthiest Chinese.

"Blocks of Five"—"Cipher Dispatches."

C. E. E., Caledonia, Pa.: 1.—The "blocks of five" letters was one purporting to be written by Col. W. W. Dudley, to the chairman of a Republican County committee in Indiana, directing him how to proceed with purchased voters —to arrange that they should go to the polls in groups or blocks of five persons each group accompanied by a trusty man to see that they voted the tickets given them. In the debate in the Senate, on Jan. 8, Senator Edmunds read a letter almost similar, from the chairman of the Indiana Democratic State committee to a County committeeman. Col. Dudley denies the authenticity of the letter attributed to him.

2.—The "cipher dispatches" of 1876 were telegraphic dispatches, written in cipher, which passed between the managers of the Tilden campaign and their emissaries in Florida and Oregon, during the dispute over the Presidency. They were deciphered, and proved to relate to an effort, by bribery, to get the electoral votes of those states counted for Tilden.

Napoleon III's Family.

C. L. G., Troy, Pa.: After the surrender of Napoleon III at Sedan, in 1870, the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial fled to England, where Napoleon joined them after his release. They took up their abode at Chiselhurst, where the ex-Empress died in 1873. His widow, the ex-Empress Eugenie, still resides there. The Prince Imperial joined the staff of Lord Chelmsford, the British commander-in-chief in the Zulin war, where he was killed, September, 1879. His body was taken to England and deposited beside that of his father at Chiselhurst.

Soldiers' Claims in Colorado.

J. W. P. Meehan, Wis., writes in answer to a recent query by J. C. N., Lawrence, Kan.: "I belonged to the 1st Colorado battery, enlisting in September, 1862. I recorded 30 mining claims in the governor's office and I understood the law to be that three years of the time I was at war to redeem them; but I never went back, and don't know what became of them."

Chaplain Milburn.

Reader, Webb, O.: When an inmate of a soldiers' home the following was given as his legal heirs: "Rev. William H. Milburn was born in Pennsylvania in 1823; studied at Illinois college; at the age of 20 became a Methodist preacher; was chaplain to the House of Representatives in 1859; went to England and lectured with success; on his return was ordained in the Episcopal church, but in 1872 returned to Methodism. His sight was defective from boyhood, and he afterward became entirely blind. He is now chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington.

Writing Questions to the Bureau.

Mrs. B., Plainview, Minn.: 1.—We prefer that all queries would explain fully what they desire to know, briefly all they know on the subject, and then ask their question so that we will understand clearly what they desire to know. Whenever we print the question, we re-write it in brief form.

2.—The interrogation is correctly put in the sentence you inquired about, as follows: "Was the question discussed, 'How are our rights to be maintained?'"

Debt of New York.

H. J. H., Ontario, N. Y., says: "In THE BLADE of Nov. 28, 1889, the debt of New York is stated to be $218,723,314. Gov. HILL gives it in his message as $2,308,229.53. Please explain."

If you had read the BUREAU attentively, you would have seen, in a later issue, that the debts given in THE BLADE were not only the state debts proper, but all the county, township and city indebtedness, also.

The "Jog" in Connecticut's Boundary.

R. S., Dry Valley X Roads, Pa., asks: "1.—Please explain the origin, area, etc., of the small triangular piece in the northern boundary of Connecticut, west of the Connecticut river."

Will some one who knows the facts please send them for publication?

2.—We don't know who was the author of "Good Americans when they die, go to Paris." Can any one tell?

Presidential Succession in the Cabinet.

E. F. C., Salem, Neb.: 1.—Presidential electors are nominated by each political party, in the usual way—by a party convention in each congressional district; and the four electors at large by the state convention. 2.—The presidential succession in the cabinet is the order following under—Secretary of State, of Treasury, of War, of Navy, of Interior, Attorney General, and Postmaster General.

The Geographic Mile, or "Knot."

Patron, Fillmore, Ind.: It is 360 degrees around the globe. Each degree has 60 minutes of space—hence the circumference of the earth is 21,600 minutes. Measured on the equator, one of these minutes of longitude is a geographic or nautical mile, or knot—all the names referring to the same thing. This is equal to 1.15 of our ordinary English miles. See answer, "What is a Knot?" in Bureau of Jan. 16.

To "Blue" Gun Barrels.

Subscriber, Claflin, Kan.: To "blue" a gun-barrel: "Apply nitric acid, and let it eat the iron slightly; the latter will be covered with a very thin film of oxide. Wash thoroughly in a large number of times. Let it dry, oil, and burnish with a woolen cloth." We take this from a book of processes, but have never tried it.

Defaced Stamped Envelopes.

"Novice" asks: "1.—If a stamped envelope gets soiled, would it be lawful to cut out the stamp and use it, if not soiled?"

No. But the law provides that stamped envelopes, spoiled in directing, etc., may be returned to the postoffice and exchanged for others. 2.—We do not recall the name.

Debts Exempted from Taxation.

Subscriber, Marion, Kan., writes: "In the state of New Jersey one is taxed for what he is worth. If his property is valued at one thousand dollars and he owes five hundred, he is taxed for five hundred dollars. He is in Kansas he is taxed for what he owns, regardless of what he is worth."

Miscellaneous.

D. S., Lawrence, Kan.: Ex-Senator Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, is still living.

O. P. M., Clover Hill, Tenn.: We have not a copy of the third-party platform of 1884.

Subscriber, New Carlisle, O.: P. T. Barnum is not dead. He is with his show in London, England.

A. W. F., Bailey, Mich.: We published the Blair educational bill in full in THE BLADE of January 30.

M. J. A., Kimball, Ind.: We shall probably publish a series of Hamburg sketches some time this year.

Subscriber, McPherson, Neb.: We published the general method of beet sugar manufacture a few weeks ago.

W. B. C., Cedarville, N. J.: The cost of the Guiteau trial was about $100,000, but we have not the exact figures.

D. M., Peel Tree, W. Va.: Nellie Gould is Jay Gould's daughter. We can not give you addresses. See Rule 3 above.

E. A. A., North English, Iowa: We think a solution of sulphate of copper is used in copper-plating, but do not know the proportions.

F. L. H., Scott, O.: The late Walker Blaine was never married. His brother, Emmons Blaine, was married to Miss McCormick last year.

F. Y., Mayo, Kan.: We presume Mr. Cleveland planted the potatoes at "Oak View," his country place near Washington, which contains about 20 acres of land.

T. C. S., Higginsville, Mo.: We can not tell all the states which have compulsory education laws. Ohio has such a law, but it is not enforced to any extent.

A. M., Decatur, O.: "Second growth timber" is that which has grown on land from which the original timber was cleared away, and it allowed to again grow up to trees.

Bookkeeper, North Creek, O.: There is no regular salary for bookkeepers and stenographers. The price paid is a matter between themselves and their employers.

J. P., Fairfield, Mo.: Congress has done nothing yet. Watch the summary of Congress carefully each week in "News of the Week," 7th and 8th pages, WEEKLY BLADE.

Ted, Roseneath, Miss.: 1.—We must refer you to works on teaching as to the relative value of the different methods of teaching reading. 2.—We never say a list of them.

W. B. C., Correctionville, Iowa: A clear and full account of the Samoan affair and the great storm in the harbor of Apia, last March, can be found in the February number of *St. Nicholas*.

J. B., High Water, O.: 1.—We do not know. 2.—See last week's Bureau. 3.—We think it is correct that Lincoln vetoed four of the fugitive slave law, because the constitution required their return.

H. J. P., Butler, Ind.: To polish horns of cattle, scrape them as smooth as possible with the edge of a piece of glass; smooth them with fine sand paper, and polish with flour of emery; then oil slightly.

J. M. L., Scottdale, Pa.: Capt. William Kidd was an English pirate, born in 1650, hanged in London for piracy in 1701. We do not like to answer questions about criminals. It is not good literature.

E. B. Hammond, La.: The following are the carrier delivery postoffices in the states you name: Arkansas, Little Rock; Alabama, Birmingham, Mobile, Montgomery, Selma; Mississippi, Jackson, Natchez, Vicksburg; Louisiana, New Orleans, Shreveport.

D. W. B., Hollandsburg, Ind.: 1.—It is impossible to give, within reasonable limits, an account of Darwin's theories. Read Darwin's "Descent of Man." 2.—The "theory" you inquire about is not accepted by any persons with any pretensions to scientific knowledge.

"Reader," Wauseon, O.: The rules adopted by the United States Senate, and of the House, are each published in a separate volume, after they are adopted, at the beginning of each Congress. The only way to get them is to purchase them of the public printer at Washington.

A. R. E., Princeton, N. C.: 1.—Excessive reading may impair the sense of sight, but not of hearing. 2.—See Rules 2 and 3 above. 3.—We must refer you to any school text-book on English and American literature. We can not undertake to give biographies of authors by wholesale.

F. H. H., Pontiac, Ill.: 1.—It would take too much space to give full directions for stuffing and mounting birds. There are cheap paper-covered books on taxidermy which any bookseller can procure for you. 2.—There are veterinary colleges. Any veterinary surgeon ought to be able to give you their addresses. See Rule 3.

A. S. W., Rushaylvania, O.: 1.—See "Senatorial Millionaires," elsewhere. 2.—There is no way of getting the total amount of mortgages in Ohio other than going to each of the 88 county-seats, and getting the number of the county recorder. 3.—That is impossible. The census next June will show it.

W. H. R., Vallonia, Ind.: We must refer you to some minister. The book of Revelations is confessedly obscure, and there are several general methods of interpretation, differing radically from each other. All we could do would be to give a personal opinion on the passages you cite, and we prefer not to do that.

T. J. M., Cynthiana, Ind.: Your copy of Josephus is probably 50 to 80 years old. The only way to find out certainly would be to write to some book publisher on Paternoster Row, London—which locality has been especially favored by publishers for the last two centuries—and find whether its publisher was located there.

J. C. W., Rutledge, Tenn.: 1.—We do not understand what you mean by "birds ceasing to follow ships in the South Pacific." Explain where you got the idea. 2.—The "Japan current" is called "Kuro Siwo," which is Japanese for "black stream," because, like the Gulf stream, it is a deeper color than the surrounding ocean. 3.—The event is too recent to repeat the particulars here.

R. M. C., Briceville, Tenn.: The so-called Cumberland Presbyterian church originated in a remarkable revival of religion, in 1767, in southwestern Kentucky, under the preaching of Rev. James McGready. 2.—They differ from other Presbyterians chiefly in their views of predestination. 3.—Letter inquire of some minister of member. We are unacquainted with their church polity and rules.

WORK AND BEER IN LONDON.

An American Superintendent's Experience With British Laborers.

Mr. Frank Hyatt, the general superintendent of Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth, arrived from London last Tuesday, and will again return on Saturday next. Mr. Hyatt makes some very interesting statements to the New York *Sun* that will no doubt prove entertaining reading to the workingmen of this country. He says that he can hire all the laboring men he requires at any time in London for fifteen shillings per week, and that supposing he is in need of numbers numerous than the demand; that the regular labor union price for skilled mechanics is but nine pence an hour, about 18 cents of American money. He adds:

"One of the chief reasons why the working classes fail to get on over there is because they pay too much money for and too much attention to beer, and do not work steadily enough; that between American and English laborers, so far as activity and neat work are concerned, there is really no comparison.

"In London the men I employed came to Olympia at 6 o'clock in the morning, but did not attempt to do anything in the way of work; they spent the time in unpacking things until 7 o'clock, when they left for breakfast, and failed to put in an appearance until an hour later. At 8 o'clock work really began, and continued without intermission for two hours, or until 10 o'clock, when I was utterly surprised to hear the shrill notes of a whistle, and to see all my force of laborers knock off and go to drinking their beer. This pleasant recreation consumed just fifteen minutes —the time allowed in that country for that purpose. At 10:15 o'clock work was resumed and went on steadily enough until 12 o'clock noon, when the whistle sounded again, and five minutes more were permitted the men to drink more beer. At five minutes past 12 o'clock the men went to work and continued until 1 o'clock, when dinner was announced, the full hour from that time to 2 p. m. being allowed for the meal. At 2 o'clock sharp all hands were again at work and were kept at it until 3½ o'clock, when again all hands are 'piped for beer' and a fifteen minutes' rest, when, there being no more beer, they work until 5 o'clock. At this time five minutes more is allowed for an indulgence in the refreshing beverage, when work is again resumed and continued until 6 o'clock, when it ceases for the day, to be followed on the next day by the same routine.

"The breakfast of the laborers in London consists of tea and beer, dinner of a chop, which is purchased at a butcher's and brought to some place where it is cooked for the men and washed down with huge draughts of the panacea of all ills in that country, strong beer."

ARE STONES ALIVE?

Strange Discoveries Made by Scientists in Their Microscopical Researches.

A few weeks ago the results of some startling experiments by Mr. Mason Kinne, of California, in which that gentleman laid claim to having discovered sex in mineral atoms were made public. From the following it will be seen that E. D Walker, the scientist and writer, anticipated the Pacific slope philosopher by about two years. The extract given below is from an article by Mr. Walker written in 1887:

"We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may truthfully be said to be alive, creatures of vital principles and even mentality, individuals as distinct as the pine in a forest or tigers in a jungle.

"The disposition of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They grow in sizes as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog.

"A strong electric current discharged through a crystal will decompose it very rapidly if it be of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reverse order of its growth, until the poor thing lies a dead, shapeless ruin.

"It is true the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the differences between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life.

Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three great kingdoms by saying: "Stones grow, plants grow and feel, animals grow and feel and move."

While Walker mentions nothing of sex in stones, it is plain that his ideas respecting them were identical with the more careful truths Mr. Kinne thinks he has demonstrated in his microscopical researches.

The Lucy Hayes Statue.

Washington Post.

Immediately after the death of Mrs Hayes the *Post* suggested the propriety of crystallizing the public admiration and respect for this good and gracious woman by adding her statue to those of others at the National Capital who had by their lives or deeds deserved such recognition. A few weeks later, moved to the same opinion by the same sentiment, the Woman's National Press association took official action in the matter. They organized the Lucy Hayes Temple association and proceeded to business. The plan adopted by the charter members was an ambitious one, including in the Hayes temple, a convention hall for women, and a statue of Mrs. Hayes, to be placed in front of the building. To this end 600 personal letters, enclosing five-dollar membership cards in blank, were sent to as many prominent women in the Union.

Thus far all went swimmingly, but of the replies, only one dollar was cashed, we received, it was discovered that while the temple or convention hall idea was popular, there was considerable objection to giving Mrs. Hayes's name the chief glory, claiming that she had not by any particular work, or act, or sacrifice earned precedence of women whose entire lives have been spent against odds for the emancipation and welfare of their sex.

In consequence of this new

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1890.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.,..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

LET US PROPAGATE REPUBLICAN IDEAS.

THE BLADE suggests that the Republican National committee, or the Home Market club, or the American Tariff League, offer a series of four gold medals, to be given to any four undergraduates of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, England, who shall write the best theses upon either of the following subjects:

1.—Advantages of a Republican form of Government to Great Britain;

2.—The Fallacy of the Divine Right of Kings;

3.—Fundamental Defects of an Aristocracy;

4.—The Necessity for the Abolition of the British House of Lords.

Sufficient time should be allowed, and a committee of leading British Radicals should be selected to make the award; further, a sufficient sum of money should be appropriated to have the four winning essays published as paid advertisements in the London *Times*, and possibly other English papers of large circulation.

We are aware that many good people will at once disapprove this scheme. They will argue that we have no right to attempt the direct conversion of the English people to a different governmental policy than the one that now obtains. They may say it would be a grave breach of international decorum to allow such a thing to be done; that it would be the extreme of impudence, in fact.

Granted, if you please. But now let us call your attention to an act exactly parallel, which has been committed by the Cobden club of England. That free trade organization has offered a medal to that undergraduate of Yale who shall write the best thesis on one of the following subjects:

1.—The History of Silver Since 1878.

2.—Employers' Liability.

3.—The Doctrine of Virtual Monopoly.

4.—International Industrial Exhibitions.

We ask objectors to the scheme we outlined above if the Cobden Club has any right to attempt the direct conversion of the American people to a different governmental policy than that which now exists? Is it not also a grave breach of international decorum to allow such a thing to be done? In fact, is it not the extreme of impudence?

THE BLADE long ago declared that the system of fraud at the ballot-box, practiced in some of the Southern states, was most dangerous, because if men become familiar with it when used to overcome the colored vote, they will be inclined to use it to perpetuate themselves in power, and thus the way be opened to peculation and jobbery of all kinds. Something of that sort seems to be happening in South Carolina. The farmers of that state are protesting loudly against the corruption and extravagance of the Democratic ring that controls the state, and they assert that the state government "is an aristocracy under the form of a democracy, and whenever a champion of the people has attempted to show them their right and advocated those rights an aristocratic oligarchy has bought him with an office, or, failing in that, turned loose the floodgates of misrepresentation and slander, in order to destroy his influence." They propose to take steps to break the power of this usurping oligarchy, and to that end have called a convention for May 27, at which they propose to nominate a full Democratic ticket. We shall watch the outcome of their movement with great interest.

WE are to have a new series of postage stamps. The new dies for several have been completed, but none of the new issues will be sent out until the series is completed. The new one-cent stamp will bear FRANKLIN'S head, copied from CRAWFORD'S bust, and the color remain blue. The two-cent stamp will bear WASHINGTON'S head, but the color will be changed from the present ugly green to a carmine. The three-cent stamp will bear a profile bust of JACKSON, and be a rich purple in color. The ten-cent stamp will have a three-quarter portrait of DANIEL WEBSTER, and its color be dark green. The four-cent stamp will be brown, with a three-quarter face of LINCOLN. The five-cent issue will have a full-face head of GRANT, and will be brownish in color. The six-cent stamp will bear GARFIELD'S face, and be reddish in color. The fifteen-cent stamp will bear HENRY CLAY'S portrait. The thirty-cent will be black, with JEFFERSON'S portrait; the ninety-cent, orange, with a head of PERRY. All the new issues will be slightly smaller than the present ones.

JUDGING from the performances in the national House of Representatives last week, the Democrats were not aware that the result of the election of 1888 was to put the Republican party in power.

THE Democrats of the House probably wish that their Boston friends had elected JOHN L. SULLIVAN to a seat in that body.

HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

The Time Has Come to Do Justice to the Veterans.

Let Us Make an Energetic Effort to Obtain It.

THE BLADE believes the time has come when the nation should take a long step forward in the matter of pensioning the survivors of the Union army of 1861-65. In the issue of the Weekly BLADE of March 6, we shall publish the first of a series of articles, entitled

"THE PENSION QUESTION,"

In which we shall discuss the whole subject, show what has already been done, point out what justice and fair play dictate as still necessary to be done, and, in fact, present the case of

The Soldier

In its true light before the American people, with the design of rousing popular attention and interest, and of thereby

Compelling Congress

To take the steps which are necessary in order that justice, already too long delayed, shall be done to the gray-headed, broken-down and invalid survivors of the glorious army which crushed the rebellion, preserved the Union intact, and rendered possible the magnificent progress which, in a quarter of a century, has made us one of the richest, the most prosperous and the most powerful nations on the globe.

For years the veterans have murmured at the lack of equity in the present pension laws. Not only is the aid they provide granted to a portion only of the soldiers, but their provisions are too exacting as regards the furnishing of the proofs now required to enable the claimant to avail himself of them. These laws need thorough revision, and the sweeping away of all useless red-tape requirements. The conditions to be fulfilled should be made so plain that they can be managed by the old soldier himself, so that, if he prefers to do so, he can apply, without the services of a claim agent, thus saving him this unnecessary expense, which aggregates tens of thousands of dollars annually.

Does the Nation Lack Patriotism?

THE BLADE proposes to take up the case of the men who wore the blue, with the view of obtaining justice for them. We shall endeavor to rouse the citizens of the nation to a sense of the real obligation they owe the veterans; and, with the conscience of the whole people quickened, a pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress, so that proper legislation can be reached.

And we wish to reach as many people as possible with this appeal. We desire every old soldier to read this series of articles, as it will furnish him with arguments to meet and overthrow those of the opponents of pension legislation. We desire every Republican to read them, that he may throw his influence in favor of this good cause. We desire every young voter to read them, that he may have the truth set before him.

Will You Help Us?

We ask every soldier, every comrade of the Grand Army, every Republican, every reader of THE BLADE, to do one little thing *at once* to aid in this. It is, to send us, *this week* if possible, a list of names of persons—voters and heads of families—in their vicinity, to whom we may mail the issue of THE BLADE containing the first article of this series. Don't delay, but do it *immediately*. We want at least one hundred thousand names within the next two weeks. Help us to get them!

IN OUR FAVOR.

The foreign commerce of the United States for the year ended December 31, 1889, is sumed up below, and compared with the figures for 1888:

Exported.	1889.	1888.
Merchandise.....	$827,250,273	$691,760,050
Gold.....	50,953,160	34,526,417
Silver.....	40,690,172	29,880,405
Totals.....	$918,873,905	$756,166,902
Imported.		
Merchandise.....	$770,302,657	$725,411,371
Gold.....	11,980,582	10,960,773
Silver.....	20,237,693	15,907,969
Totals.....	$802,520,932	$752,280,113

That is, we sold or exchanged abroad over $116,000,000 more of our products than we bought abroad. Last year the balance of trade in our favor was only a little less than four millions. As long as we sell more than we buy, we are making money.

EDISON, the inventor, is quoted as saying that he cannot believe matter to be inert, but that every atom possesses a certain amount of "primitive intelligence;" and further, that the original source of this intelligence must be some higher power—a personal God. He declares that "the existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry." Now let the agnostics take a turn at that idea. Col. INGERSOLL'S discussion of it would be interesting.

WASHINGTON furnishes the latest fire horror. The house of Secretary of the Navy TRACY burned Monday, and the wife and daughter of the secretary have been taken out among the dead. The secretary himself was borne from the burning building unconscious, though it is hoped his injuries may not prove fatal. A full account of the sad disaster will be found in our news columns.

IT is well to remember that the total annual output of silver from our mines only averages a little over $3,500,000 a month. As the government takes $2,000,000 worth of this for the coinage of standard dollars, only $1,500,000 is left for export and for use in the arts.

AND now it is said that the persons at the head of the Sugar Trust are about to leave the state of New York, fearing indictment, as the Supreme court of the state has decided the trust to be a criminal organization. The day of redemption draweth nigh.

THE Windom silver project seems to be gaining friends as its provisions become better understood. It looks now as though it will either be adopted, or will form the basis of some measure, covering practically the same ground, which will be enacted into law.

THE administrative tariff bill passed the national House of Representatives on Saturday by a vote of 138 to 121. Party lines were not drawn on it, as it merely refers to the methods of collecting duties at custom houses.

THE Whisky Trust is going to dissolve and reorganize under another name, because the word "trust" has grown offensive to the people. Public opinion is a power in these latter days.

THE NEW EXTRADITION TREATY.

At last we are to have a treaty that will cut off Canada as a refuge for embezzlers. The Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842, which has been in force 48 years, covers only the crimes of murder, assault with intent to commit murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery and the utterance of forged paper. In practice court decisions have limited its applications to such an extent that it does not cover crimes which its framers undoubtedly meant should be extraditable. Thus Secretary BLAINE, in his letter accompanying the transmission of the new treaty to the Senate, reminds that body that the Canadian courts more than twenty years ago decided that counterfeiting and the circulation of counterfeit money was not "forgery and the utterance of forged paper" within the meaning of the treaty of 1842.

The new treaty, negotiated by Secretary BLAINE and Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the present British minister at Washington, and which is now before the Senate, adds to the above list of extraditable crimes, manslaughter, counterfeiting and the circulation of counterfeit money, embezzlement, the obtaining of money or valuables by false pretenses; fraud by bailee, banker, trustee or director; perjury or subornation of perjury; child-stealing, kidnapping, and other gross felonies; burglary; piracy, by the laws of nations; mutiny, and other crimes on shipboard; and crimes and offenses against the laws of the two powers for the suppression of slavery and the slave trade.

It will be remembered that Secretary BAYARD negotiated a treaty of this nature, but which failed in the Senate because it allowed extradition for political crimes. That treaty was drawn in London by Minister PHELPS, under BAYARD'S direction, and the British authorities; and the latter hoodwinked that old political fossil, PHELPS, and his red-tape superior, BAYARD, getting them to consent to the insertion of a clause which would allow the surrender of Irish suspects who might fly from Great Britain to this country. The Senate very properly refused to agree to any such provision, and the treaty failed. The present treaty guards this subject carefully. In his letter to the Senate, accompanying the treaty, Mr. BLAINE says:

"The second article of the convention contains a stipulation against surrender or trial for political offences, and the third article provides that a person surrendered shall not be tried for any offence other than that for which the extradition was granted. The latter provision is in most of our recent treaties, and is in harmony with the late decision of the Supreme court of the United States in the Rauscher case. The eighth article provides that the convention shall not apply to any of the crimes therein specified which shall have been committed, or to any conviction which shall have been pronounced, prior to the date at which the convention shall come into force. Thus, while extending the list of extradition offences, the present convention contains all the safeguards and limitations which public law and international usage require, or, indeed, admit of."

The treaty is not retroactive, and therefore the present gang of United States embezzlers and counterfeiters in Canada are not in danger of extradition; but after the treaty shall have received the approval of the Senate, and the formal ratifications shall have passed between the United States and Great Britain, the Dominion will no longer be a refuge for thieving bank directors, embezzling cashiers and other gentry similar to those who now constitute "the American colony" there. Canadian criminals of the same class will also have to give the United States a wide berth. It is to be hoped the treaty will be promptly ratified by both governments, and the present most unsatisfactory state of affairs be brought to an end.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

THE London *Record* of January 3 has a long article on a discovery of importance to the Christian world—the finding of a new manuscript of the New Testament. BRYENNIOS, the learned bishop of Nicomedia, has discovered in a Turkish library at Damascus, a copy of the New Testament, dating from the middle of the fourth century—that is, about A. D. 350. This is about the age of the famous Sinaitic manuscript; and the new find resembles the latter in containing also the Epistle of Barnabas and the book of the Shepherd of Hermas. Much interest is taken in the matter in Europe, and fuller information concerning it is waited with anxiety. The paper above quoted says:

"If, as is rumored, the new manuscript resembles the Codex Sinaiticus in the additional books appended to it, and also in the peculiarities of text, it would seem to be almost a duplicate of the Sinaitic, both forming, perhaps, part of an edition issued for the common use of the Palestinian church. But even if this should prove to be the case, it would tend to show that the general type of text represented by it and the few older manuscripts was more commonly accepted than the defenders of the received text allow it to have been, and may perhaps help to reassure those exponents of criticism who make much of the question of numbers in the authorities for a reading."

ONE of the things that should be taught and insisted upon in every public school, in every business college, and in every counting room, is, that in addressing a letter, or in writing an address, the name of the state should be spelled out in full. Abbreviations are a delusion and a snare, in most instances. The rising generation should be taught, from the first, to write out state names in full in such cases; the habit once formed, no trouble would afterward be experienced, and a load of vexation arising from blind addresses would be saved.

THE New York *Times* shows a gleam of returning reason when it declares that "the idea that the negro vote can be indefinitely repressed must be abandoned or the injury to the South therefrom will be as great as that from deportation, and probably much greater." It is so rare to find a mugwump paper venturing to express an opinion contrary to Democratic shibboleths that the above exception is noteworthy.

WORK on the Nicaragua canal is proceeding vigorously and satisfactorily, according to all accounts. The country is healthy, and the line of the canal will not be marked by a series of graveyards, as is the Panama one. The new route, it is believed, will be opened from ocean to ocean by 1895 or 1896—the stipulated time.

SPEAKER REED is certainly the right man in the right place. He won't allow the Democratic filibusters an opportunity to impede the business of the House.

THE duty of the Senate is to make laws, not to appoint men to offices; but a number of the Senators don't seem to know it.

CANADA buys eight-tenths of her imports from the United States, and pays an average duty of 40 per cent thereon.

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

THE NEW REPUBLIC RECOGNIZED.

The Brazilian republic has been formally recognized by the United States. It was not done by resolution of the Senate, as proposed by Mr. MORGAN, of Alabama, in an attempt to make Democratic political capital, but in the usual quiet manner provided by custom. When Mr. MORGAN proposed his resolution he was very solicitous that the greatest republic in the world should extend prompt and immediate recognition and encouragement to the infant United States of Brazil, and he hoped to create a sympathetic sentiment throughout this country redounding to the credit of the Democratic party, for its effort to compel a Republican administration to do its duty. His long spread-eagle speech was wasted, however, and his little resolution was safely stowed away.

He was told that the American people had confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the present administration, and were satisfied to wait until in its good judgment the formal recognition of the new republic should be made. This administration represents the party of freedom and of progress, and it was not likely that there would be any unreasonable delay in according the sympathy and encouragement and a hearty welcome of the United States of America to the new United States of Brazil. So the little Democratic scheme of buncombe flatted out completely. The formal recognition has now been accomplished in the acceptance by President HARRISON of the credentials of Senor VALENTE, the new minister accredited by the Provisional Government of Brazil and also the credentials of Senor MENDONCA as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary on a special mission to this country. The formal speeches usual on such occasions were marked by great cordiality and President HARRISON, after remarking to Mr. VALENTE, "I receive you as the representative of a new republic—always a grateful duty to the Government of the United States," happily expressed the great satisfaction of the government and people of this country that the transformation of the Empire of Brazil into a republic had been so peacefully accomplished. Mr. MORGAN and his Democratic colleagues now probably wish their resolution had not been offered.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

IT is said that northern Iowa is flooded with counterfeit silver dollars which are pronounced the best ever put out. The coin is exact in shape, color, size and stamping, and contains almost, if not quite, the full amount of silver in the genuine. It is light in weight, but the difference is so slight that it is not detected by those unaccustomed to handling coin. The counterfeiters have not been discovered. The difference between the market price of silver and the coin price evidently has started the counterfeiters. The counterfeiters can buy 75 cents' worth of silver and with it make a counterfeit dollar—the 25 per cent margin allowing a neat profit.

RECORDER of Deeds TROTTER, the colored mugwump whom Mr. CLEVELAND imported from Boston and gave the most lucrative position in the District of Columbia, has finally had to trot out of office. It is shown, however, that in less than three years he netted over $40,000, which makes him a Trotter with a very good record. His successor is Hon. BLANCHE K. BRUCE, formerly Senator from Mississippi and also ex-Register of the United States Treasury. There is no doubt as to Mr. BRUCE'S Republicanism or his ability to properly perform the duties of his new position.

SECRETARY BLAINE has settled the Samoan difficulty and the new extradition treaty with Great Britain, and now he will probably take up the fisheries matter, which ought to have been settled by the last administration, but was not because of lack of backbone and patriotism in Secretary BAYARD.

IT is anticipated that when the reservation at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, shall be thrown open, scenes similar to those which disgraced Oklahoma will be enacted. The boomers are, however, at present kept in check by United States soldiers.

THE death of Mrs. COPPINGER makes the fourth death in the BLAINE family in a little over a month. The sympathy of the whole country, regardless of party, goes out to the secretary of State in this, his latest affliction.

THE determination of the Republican majority in the House to exercise their right to rule, and not to stand filibustering on the part of the Democrats, elicits squeaks of anger from the mugwump contingent.

THE Democratic Representatives from the South are so used to seeing minorities govern, that they apparently look upon the determination of Speaker REED, that the majority shall rule, as something terrible.

THE new republic of Brazil starts out in the right way. It has issued a decree establishing absolute religious liberty and entirely divorcing the church from the state.

SENATOR SPOONER ON THE SOUTH.

Senator SPOONER'S remarks on the Chandler resolution in reference to the Aberdeen, Miss., incident, where the secretary of War was hanged in effigy because he would not display the United States flag at half mast on the occasion of JEFFERSON DAVIS'S death, had the true patriotic ring, and will find a responsive echo in every loyal heart in the North. His graphic description of the brutal treatment of young FRANZ, because he had accidentally cut an end of the rope which sustained the effigy, and his vigorous denunciation of those who participated in the outrage, made the Southerners in the Senate feel very uncomfortable. In replying to Senator GEORGE, who had referred to DAVIS as "a man who had never betrayed his trust or failed in the discharge of his full duty, whether he served in the United States or in the Confederacy," Mr. SPOONER justly said that the people of the North believed that DAVIS had sat in the Senate chamber, betraying daily and nightly and hourly the highest trust ever reposed in man. He added, however, that it was not for that alone that the loyal people execrated his memory, but because they had held him responsible for "the atrocities, the unspeakable, devilish, horrible cruelties, visited on Union prisoners at Libby Prison, Belle Isle, Salisbury and Andersonville. It was because they charged him with the responsibility of holding men prisoners of war to starve them."

Senator SPOONER closed by saying that if the resolution accomplished nothing in the way of legislation, or of constitutional amendment, it would turn the light on that disgraceful transaction at Aberdeen. He said:

"It would prove the existence of a spirit of bitterness and brutality there. It would show that there was a community, claiming to be intelligent and law-abiding where the love of Jefferson Davis's memory is stronger than respect for law, stronger than love of liberty, stronger than the impulses of humanity—the law of God written in every human heart. If the resolution would accomplish nothing else, it would subserve that one good purpose."

Senator SPOONER has acquired the reputation of being second in eloquence as an orator only to the brilliant senator from Kansas, Mr. INGALLS, and he has never employed his great talents in a manner which will give him a stronger hold upon the old Union soldiers or upon all who were loyal to the government during the war of the rebellion than in the speech from which the above quotations have been made.

Let all the Republican senators do as Mr. SPOONER has done, denounce the sentiment in the South which defies a traitor to the government which educated him, and then let them vote for the CHANDLER resolution.

THE LAST CHANCE TO OBTAIN "ANDERSONVILLE."

For a year or so we have not been advertising the famous book, "Andersonville," because we intended to abandon its publication, supposing that every one who wished it was supplied. Still, the orders have kept dropping in, two or three a week, which we have filled from the copies remaining from former editions. These being exhausted, we have had printed a final edition of 1,300 copies, which are now ready for delivery. When these are exhausted, the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 1,300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print.

A DEMOCRATIC OUTRAGE.

The Democratic majority in the state Senate of Ohio have committed a high-handed outrage in the manner in which they pretended to declare that MARQUIS, the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, was elected over Lieutenant Governor LAMPSON. As has already been shown in these columns, the contestor, MARQUIS, claimed to have discovered irregularities that would overcome LAMPSON'S majority of 22, as give on the face of the official returns. LAMPSON'S rejoinder showed irregularities of the same kind, which would more than offset every vote claimed by MARQUIS.

The law of Ohio regarding contests in the Senate plainly contemplates that the Senate itself shall sit as a court of inquiry, hear the testimony on both sides, and decide who is entitled to the disputed seat. The Democrats were afraid to do this, simply because the evidence would confirm Mr. LAMPSON'S title to Lieutenant Governor. Therefore a scheme was devised to avoid the open presentation of the evidence before the Senate. The matter of the contest was handed over to a committee, which, by a partisan vote, reported in favor of MARQUIS.

Every step in this extraordinary proceeding was contested by the Republican members, but the 18 Democrats voted solidly against the 17 Republicans of that body, and pushed the revolutionary scheme through. After spending a whole day in wrangling, the question was put to the Senate in this form: "Whether, on November 5 last, W. V. MARQUIS was elected Lieutenant Governor of Ohio?" The vote of course was affirmative, and MARQUIS was declared Lieutenant Governor.

This does not end the matter, by any means. Proceedings in quo warranto will be at once begun in the Supreme court of the state, requiring MARQUIS to show by what legal authority he attempts to exercise the functions of the lieutenant governor of the state. This will bring up the question whether a contest over this office can be decided by a committee, or whether the Senate, as claimed by the Republicans, must hear the evidence and the arguments, and formally decide the case.

THREE bills have been introduced in the Ohio General Assembly concerning the stars and stripes. One provides that the American flag must be displayed over all state, county and city public buildings and over school houses during business hours. The second makes it an offense to print the American flag on advertising matter, or to print advertisements on the flag. The third provides that when a procession carries a banner of any kind it shall also carry the American flag. We hope they all will pass. Flag the educational stations, and enforce due respect for the national banner.

WHEN Democratic politicians begin to gabble about "constitutional rights," they are in the last ditch. It is simply nauseating to hear such a plea from the representatives of a party which maintains its supremacy in at least six states of the Union through an absolute denial of the constitutional rights of a majority of the citizens thereof.

THE Supreme court of Montana having declared the Republican members, whose seats are disputed by the Democrats, to have been legally elected, the two private citizens who are masquerading in Washington as Democratic Senators-elect for that state can now return home and get ready for spring plowing.

THE bill refunding the direct tax paid by the states in 1861 has passed the Senate, and will undoubtedly pass the House. It will not meet with a Presidential veto, as it did at CLEVELAND'S hands.

TO AID THE SOLDIERS' CAUSE.

We call the particular attention of every ex-soldier, Republican or Democrat, and of every friend of theirs, to the announcement elsewhere, headed, "How About Pensions?" and to the letters, "What the Boys Say," on the fifth page. We want the series of articles on "The Pension Question," which we shall begin in THE BLADE of March 6, brought to the attention of every ex-soldier, and every citizen. We believe that public opinion needs rousing up on this matter, and we propose doing it.

We believe that if the masses of the voters are led to see the pension question in its true light, such a weight of public opinion will be brought to bear on Congress that it will be compelled to do justice to the survivors of the Union army. We believe that now is the time to push the matter, so that, at the Congressional elections next fall, only men shall be elected who will pledge themselves to their constituents to perform this long-delayed act of justice.

Every comrade, every friend of the soldier, who wishes to aid in the work, should exert himself to see that the circulation of THE BLADE is extended so as to reach as many voters as possible. All who are willing to aid in circulating the best soldiers' paper in the country will please send to us for our *private terms* to club-raisers, and also read our premium offers, elsewhere in this paper. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE FIGHT IN THE HOUSE.

In view of the baseless assertions made by the more reckless Democratic papers, it may be well to state the facts as to the battle-royal which raged in the national House of Representatives during the closing half of last week. Last year, long before Congress met, it was clearly understood that the Democrats were determined to prevent or delay action on the very important questions pressing upon Congress for settlement, in order that the people might be dissatisfied with the inaction of the Republicans. There are in the House, as at present constituted, 168 Republicans and 161 Democrats—a Republican majority of only seven. As it is practically impossible to have every member in his seat at every session, so large a minority very frequently has the power to obstruct or embarrass business, by interposing parliamentary delays of all kinds in order to prevent a direct vote on a measure.

It soon became evident that there would be a strong fight on the adoption of new rules. The rules of the House, adopted at the beginning of each Congress, continue in force for the two years of that Congress's existence. The rules of the last House ceased to have any binding effect at noon of March 4 of last year, when the Fiftieth Congress expired. The Republicans of the present House were well aware that, unless the rules were changed, their slender majority would not avail to push legislation with any degree of promptitude in the face of the opposition of the Democrats, in number so nearly equal to their own, and bent upon obstruction by filibustering.

The Democrats have been loud in their assertions that the Republicans have purposely delayed the report of the committee on Rules, in order to give Speaker REED "arbitrary power." This is not true. The rules were ready to report, but Mr. CARLISLE, who is a member of that committee, repeatedly requested more time, in order that he might examine the majority report and prepare one for the minority. It became evident to the Republicans of the House that the real object of CARLISLE was simply to aid the policy of delay. Then he was quietly notified that if he did not have his minority report in three days' time, the committee on Elections would report one of the West Virginia election cases, and the House proceed to act upon it, without waiting for rules. Of course, common parliamentary usage governs in the absence of rules.

The minority report of Mr. CARLISLE was not ready by the specified time; hence the committee on Elections reported the Smith-Jackson case, and a motion was made, on Wednesday last, to take it up for consideration and decision. Then the storm broke. The Democrats resorted to tactics comprehensively denominated as "filibustering." One of these dilatory methods is to interpose motion after motion of no consequence—such as a motion to adjourn, for instance—and demand a roll-call thereon, thus wasting time, the object being to wear out the patience of the members, and compel an abandonment of the effort to transact the business objected to by the minority.

The constitution of the United States declares that a majority of either branch of Congress shall constitute a quorum to do business. In the House this requires 165 members. So when the question of taking up the Smith-Jackson election case, was put to a vote, the Democrats in the House, with two exceptions, refused to answer to their names when called by the clerk,—that is, they did not vote. The vote stood: yeas 161, all Republicans; nays 2, both Democrats. As, according to the vote, there did not appear to be a quorum, the Democrats raised the point of "no quorum." Of course, if a quorum is not present, no business can be transacted.

While the clerk had been calling the roll, Speaker REED had been noting down Democrats present, but who failed to answer the call, and he directed the clerk to record them as "present but not voting." This would make the record show a quorum present, and would utterly break down a favorite mode of filibustering. The Democrats instantly appealed for the decision of the chair, and the debate, if such a scene of disorder could be called a debate, lasted during Wednesday, was renewed on Thursday, and was finally ended by the adoption of a motion to lay the appeal on the table, on which the Democrats refused to vote, but the Speaker again had the names of a number "present but not voting," placed on the journal by the clerk, so that it would show a quorum present.

The question that was presented to Speaker REED was, shall the refusal of a number of members to vote count the same as their absence from the hall? The House can not proceed to business until a quorum of members are present. The Democratic filibusters contend that if enough of them refuse to vote on a question, so that the number of those actually voting is less than a quorum, the vote is in valid, and the House can do no business until they are ready to have it proceed. Mr. REED takes the common sense view that if a member is present, he is to be counted in making up the quorum, whether he votes or not; and the common sense of the people will support him in this.

SPEAKER REED'S statement concerning the Republican position in the present controversy in the House is clear and distinct, and shows that the only object of the majority is to rid themselves of all filibustering tactics and enable them to facilitate the transaction of public business. The whole country, regardless of party, will admire the frank and manly way in which the speaker states the case, and the great mass of the people will applaud his firmness and that of the Republicans in the House in their efforts to enable the majority elected by the people to rule by their own votes and not by the sufferance of the minority.

A NEBRASKA PLEA FOR THE SALOONS.

W. H., of Lexington, Nebraska, sends us a long article clipped from a county paper printed in that state, which he asks us to refute. We will give some extracts, covering the main points, and discuss each in turn:

"A deep study or the question has brought the conviction that Prohibition is not justified by results; that it is a mistaken policy, which must ultimately end in failure. It has also brought the conclusion that people cannot be made good by law, and evil cannot be legislated out of existence. We do not underestimate nor deny the magnitude of the evil of intemperance. It is a baneful curse to society. We make no defense of the saloon, but we know this: It could not run without patronage."

This is all of the nature of special pleading, and an avoidance of the issue. The purpose of Prohibition is not to make men "good by law," nor to legislate abstract evil out of existence. But its object is to keep needless temptations out of the paths of men, especially the young, and to give untainted youth a chance to grow up to a pure manhood, free from this one demoralizing and unnecessary vice. Nor is it true that "Prohibition is not justified by results." There is no place in Iowa or Kansas, for instance, where it has been in force long enough to judge of its true effect.

To put this statement into other words, our meaning is this: That all the men in these states who learned to drink, in whom the Rum habit is fixed, and who will take any trouble, go to any expense that their means will allow, to get Rum wherewith to satisfy their cravings, will all have to die, before the conditions will allow of even a fair test of Prohibition. These men are the results of the liquor traffic; and that traffic will have to be abolished long enough to have all the drinking men whom it caused to pass away, before there can be a fair trial of Prohibition solely on its own merits.

While it is true that the saloon "could not run without patronage," it is also true that if the open saloon did not exist or had existed—if opportunity had not been given—there would be very few who would begin to patronize it. The majority of men are led to take the first steps in drinking by the example of drinking men, through the habit of "treating," and hence through the opportunity the open saloon gives or gave for these practices. There are some men who are born into the world with evil natures, with a pre-natal bent toward vice; they suffer for the sins of their fathers, it may be; but it is not a valid argument for the retention of the saloon that, because there are such men, the saloon must be allowed to add indefinitely to their number, and have uninterrupted opportunity to debauch others. Sweep away the saloon in any community until the present generation of drinkers has passed away, and there will not be voluntary patronage sufficient for it to exist, even if it were allowed.

The article from which we quote goes on as follows:

"He who has studied the liquor question in all its phases knows that there are a thousand causes for the evil, besides the mere presence of saloons. He cannot have failed to discover that the humanity of to-day is intemperate in more than one thing. The over-indulgence of other appetites, more dangerous by far than the appetite for liquor, is undermining the whole social foundation, and threatens to destroy the better elements of modern civilization.

"When social and sexual laws are so grossly and universally disregarded as they are to-day, is it to be wondered that the drink evil exists? Reflect upon the fact that thousands of children come into the world unsought and unwelcomed, inheriting perverse natures and diseased minds, and it is not difficult to see where a large share of the blame should be placed. Children of unbalanced, ill-mated parents, who are allowed their childhood to grow up without proper training or education, run to dissipation and vice as naturally as water runs down hill."

We deny the assumption of the first sentence of the above in toto—that there are "a thousand causes" for drunkenness besides the open saloon. We should be glad to have an enumeration of that thousand; nay, a dozen would satisfy us. The writer of the above makes the sweeping assertion that there are "a thousand causes" for the drink evil, and then specifies but one—sexual immorality. We think the cart is before the horse—that the latter crime is largely the result of the drink habit, rather than the reverse.

Again: If this immorality is so prevalent (which we deny; for the civilized world is far more moral than it ever was before), why does not he see that, carrying out his argument of the former paragraph, he should at once advocate the repeal of all laws prohibiting this vice, all laws against houses of ill-fame? Are not, by his own showing, the laws prohibiting these things, "not justified by results?" Do not they "end in failure?" The cases are, by his statements, exactly parallel; yet he would not dare to advocate the repeal of the laws against the social evil, on the ground that they can not be enforced, as he advocates the repeal of liquor prohibition.

Even accepting all that he says about the prevalence of the social evil, and concerning ill-balanced and vicious children, the victims of a hereditary taint, it does not follow that because vice in this form abounds, vice in all other forms is not to be checked. And there is this fact, which cannot be successfully disputed, that intemperance fosters all other forms of vice. This is especially true of the special form referred to. The late D. R. LOCKE, speaking to the writer on this subject, said: "If it were not for the saloons, one-half the patronage of houses of ill-fame in cities would be cut off. Men go on the street in the evening, with no thought of visiting such a place; they get a few drinks, their passions are roused, and they end by a visit to a brothel." And where is there one of these social sinks but sells Rum, with the primary object of inciting visitors? Sweep the saloon and the Rum traffic out of existence, and you destroy the fountain from whence a great proportion of the vice and the crime of the country come.

The correspondent who sends the printed article from which the above extracts are taken, says:

"His argument, in my estimation, is to the effect that man's condition, as to susceptibility to evil influence, is not improved by temperance. Am I right?"

You are right, but he is wrong—utterly and entirely wrong. The saloon is an evil which can be abolished, and thus the vice which it nourishes can largely be decreased at once, and be utterly exterminated eventually. It is not a valid argument to say, because some men are vicious, and persist in vice in spite of law, that it is useless to enact laws that are aimed at vice. Such logic would wipe out all laws to prohibit theft, to prohibit murder, to prohibit counterfeiting, to prohibit the social evil. These can all be reduced to a minimum by proper legislation; and the unnumbered evils that flow from intemperance can be diminished and be eventually practically wiped out by Prohibitory laws aimed to destroy the saloon, and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Farmers' Alliance in Alabama has concluded not to nominate a ticket of its own, because of the cry of the Alabama press

"THE CIVIL SERVICE."

An Explanatory Article by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.

We are glad to announce that we will publish, in the next issue of THE BLADE, a special article explanatory of the civil service, by Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, member of the Civil Service commission, on the

"Civil Service of the United States,"

Which will be of the utmost value to every reader. While it is written so as to be perfectly comprehensible by any intelligent youth, it will be equally interesting to adults, and will set the matter of "civil service reform" clearly before all.

Every teacher, every parent, should be sure that their pupils and their children read Mr. ROOSEVELT'S article.

HOW THEY LIKE THEM.

Our tea set and cook stove premiums for clubs please every one who receives them. It will only take you a short time of evenings, and at leisure hours, to get up a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, to obtain the Blade tea set, or 20 subscribers, at $1 each, to obtain the Blade cook stove, or the china chamber set. Read what they say of the tea set:

HAMPTON, Iowa, Jan. 27.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived last Saturday night, so nicely packed that nothing was broken. Freight only $1. They are of much heavier, nicer ware than I had expected. The advertisement does not overestimate their beauty in the least. Yours truly, MRS. G. W. SOPER.

FRANKESTON, IND., Jan. 27.—EDITOR BLADE: —At last our tea service has arrived. We feel fully repaid for our trouble in every way. Could not buy the same set of dishes here for less than $11. I would recommend any one desiring a services le tea set, to immediately get up a club and at the same time help circulate the best paper published in America. Long may it prosper. Yours truly, L. S. BALL.

BELLEVUE, IOWA, Jan. 28.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived all right; am well satisfied with it; charges 54 cents. Yours respectfully, H. B. REED.

PICTURE ROCKS, PA., Jan. 28.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived to-day perfectly sound, and I am satisfied. The lady who received them is well pleased, and the best paper published has its circulation increased thereby. Many thanks. Very respectfully yours, A. B. SPROUT.

GALVA, ILL., Jan. 29.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came all right. I am much pleased with it. Yours respectfully, MARY L. S. HOWELL.

CALCUTTA, O., Jan. 27.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the tea set all right, and am well pleased with it. It is much nicer than I expected; notwithstanding it was packed in a hammer of our neighbors have called to see it, and all have been surprised and pleased with it. With best wishes for your future, I remain, REV. MARTIN SHIVELY.

LA PRAIRIE, ILLS., Jan. 27.—EDITOR BLADE:—We received the stove in due time. Have tried it, and my wife thinks it can't be beat, and can recommend it to be as good as advertised. Many thanks for the stove. The freight was 84 cents. We cooked our first meal on a New Year's day. WM. R. MOCK.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XLIII.

GONE TO THE WAR.

Out from our homes and hearthstones,
Noble of heart and hand,
Ere the sun of spring time rises,
Gird and our own proud land,
Brothers and friends and husbands,
Follow the gubbing star;
Gone from our homes, God help us,
Gone, gone to the war!

Lips that are white with anguish
Murmurs nor faltering know—
Saying a calm "God speed you,"
Binding them bravely go—
Some where the danger's thickest,
Some where it sounds afar,
All with our prayers and blessings,
Gone, gone to the war!

Oh, if the Lord of battles
Were not our strength and stay,
Mothers and wives and sisters,
Where should we be to-day?
But knowing his power extendeth
Where'er the children are,
Trusting we pray, "God keep them!"
Gone, gone to the war!

LEFT ALONE TO DIE.

[The following lines were written by T. J. Brett, a member of a Pennsylvania regiment, while a prisoner of war at Andersonville:]

When our country called for men,
We came from forge and store and mill,
From workshop, farm and factory,
The broken ranks to fill.
We left our quiet happy homes,
And ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all our Union foes
Or fall where others fell.
Now in prison drear we languish,
And it is our constant cry,
Oh! ye who yet can save us,
Will ye leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you
That our hearts were weak with fear,
That all, or nearly all of us
Were captured in the rear.
The scars upon our bodies
From musket balls and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms
A truer tale can tell.
We have tried to do our duty
In the sight of God on high.
Oh! ye who yet can save us
Will ye leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hope still beating,
In our pleasant Northern home,
Waiting, watching for the footsteps
That may never, never come.
In Southern prisons pining
Meagre, tattered, pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, weaker daily,
From pinching cold and want,
There brothers, sons, and husbands,
Poor and hopeless captives lie.
Oh! ye who yet can save them,
Will ye leave them there to die?

From out our prison gate
There is a graveyard near at hand,
Where lie twelve thousand Union men
Beneath the Georgia land;
Scores on scores are laid beside them,
As day succeeds the day,
And thus it will be ever,
Till they all shall pass away.
And the last can say while dying,
With upturned and glazing eye,
Both faith and love are dead at home;
They have left us here to die.

HO FOR THE GUNBOATS!

Ho for the gunboats, ho!
Ho for the foaming sea!
Our starry flag is floating there,
The emblem of the free!
Ho for the gunboats, ho!
Ho for the rivers bright!
There beams the star of liberty,
With pure and holy light!

Ho for the gunboats, ho!
Ho for the ocean kings!
Their victries on the seas are borne
Upon the lightning's wings!
Ho for their brows of steel!
In every clime and zone
The thunders of their guns
Shall make the tyrants reel!

Ho for the brave hearts, ho!
Ho for the stripes and stars!
Before their might the despot lows,
The prison door unbars!
Ho for the gunboats, ho!
Ho for the waters blue!
To freedom and our glorious flag
We pledge ourselves anew!

$60,000,000 from Hogs.

The Armours, in Chicago, did a business of $60,000,000 last year, $5,000,000 in excess of 1888. Six thousand men were employed and paid $3,000,000. The firm killed 1,200,000 hogs, 600,000 cattle and 250,000 sheep.

This Will Drive Away Warts.

Oil of cinnamon, dropped on warts three or four times a day, will cause their disappearance, however hard, large or dense they may be. The application gives no pain, nor does it cause suppuration.

Looked Like It.

Wilkins—Did Snem win his lawsuit?
Filkins—I think so; I saw his attorney wearing a new suit of clothes.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

ABOUT THE PENSION QUESTION.

Another Batch of Letters to the Blade on This All-Important Matter.

A GREAT heap of letters from old soldiers upon the pension question lies before the editor. We can't print them all, for we haven't room; but we give extracts from the best of them, and from as many as possible.

Write only on one side of the paper; state what you believe Congress ought to do in the way of new pension legislation, and in revision of that already existing, and as briefly as possible, with your reasons therefor. We are glad to get your letters, comrades, and thank you for the liberal lists of names you have sent us. Read what the boys say; their letters are extremely interesting:

Equalization Wanted.

SHICKSHINNY, Pa.—I think justice has already been done to the seriously wounded soldiers—$36 to $45 per month for loss of a limb, $72 per month for total disability, up too $100 per month for a physical wreck (like ex-Commissioner Black) is quite liberal, and with care would keep them without work. There are other soldiers whose health is not good, who get no pension, but must earn their support for themselves and families who do not earn more than $20 to $25 per month; they were not shirks nor coffee coolers either. Then there are many who get pensions who do not deserve them. I believe the only legislation necessary at present is the passage of an equalization bounty bill, and a strictly per diem service bill. The first question will be its cost, so think it must be got down to its lowest possible rate, and do equal justice to all. If I thought we could all get $8 per month and upward, in addition to pensions already received, I would favor it; but I know the government could not stand that all at once. Thence I am in favor of giving only one pension to each, let it be either a disability or a service pension; and I would not include officers in a service pension.—J. G.

A Shame to the Nation.

MAQUON, KAN.—How about the rank and file of that once grandest army on earth? Where do we find them to-day? Twenty thousand of them are living in county poor houses! This, the richest nation on earth, has permitted 20,000 of her sons, who gave their health and strength to stop the flow of the nations life-blood, to have the mantle of "pauper" thrown over them! At least 50,000 more are on the verge of starvation; hunger and cold are gnawing at their vitals every day. This is not as it should be. The treasury is overflowing with money, the people clamoring for a reduction of the revenue, and at least 70,000 of her veterans, who made it possible for us as a nation to enjoy such great wealth, suffering for the necessaries of life or living as paupers! It is a disgrace, a shame without excuse. Let us have our needy veterans cared for first; then reduce the revenue, if need be. I believe that the veterans hold the balance of power, and they should use it, and I believe they will use it if the Republican party fails in its duty in the matter of pensions; as for me, I will support no man who fails of his duty to the needy soldier, and I will use all the influence I have to defeat the man or the party that fails to do his whole duty to the needy ex-soldier.—H. W. MOSS, late 2nd Lieut. Co. B., 10th O. V. I.

A Strong Plea.

HEWINS, KAN.—You have undertaken a big job, but when such papers as THE BLADE champion our cause, there is some hope that the old soldier will get his just dues. What you are about to undertake is of vital importance to the No. 1 national party, for unless the present Congress passes a service pension law, or something that will satisfy the soldiers, the Republican party is gone up. We have been listening to Democrats long enough. The bondholders and money sharks of Wall street have had, and are having, their pay; now let us have ours. I would rather have what justly belongs to me now than have a million dollars ten or fifteen years from now, if I should live that long, which is doubtful. Now, dear BLADE, just say for me and nine out of every ten of the old vets that we don't want any appropriations for public buildings at the country stores or the "Confedrit X Rodes," nor to clean out the drift in some dry creek, nor to fix up a fishpond for some town; we don't want the revenue on whisky and tobacco reduced, neither do we want the import duties so monkeyed with that they won't yield anything. I say we don't want any of this until the government settles with us, either by giving a liberal pension, or the $16 per month it promised in place of the $6.50 we got.

I think it would be about fair to give each man a pension according to the time of service, in addition to his disability pension. The per diem service pension bill comes the nearest to what I want. I think those who served this length desire the most. Give them that, and then quit talking about pensions. That is about my view.—M. H.

The Worn-out Veterans.

SPRING LAKE, KAN.—Go in for the old soldiers and God bless you for it, in their behalf! In a few more years we will be gone to the last roll call on the other shore. I am among the youngest (48 years), old and gray headed and cannot do half a man's work, and that never without pain—was injured for life at Chickamauga in defense of the old flag. Here in Kansas is the home of the soldiers—118,000 of us. Here is where the first blood was shed in defense of freedom and equal rights to all men; where we have no open saloons to tempt our boys to drink liquid damnation! We are watching our men in Congress, and if they don't their whole duty to us, off come there political heads. We have a controlling vote in nearly every state, and those in Washington had better look a little out or something will drop.—H. T.

The Bargain Not Kept.

MORRISON, PA.—We who enlisted at first, and served three full years, reclaim the government owes each of us almost $400 actual cash cash balance on wages and bounty. We were to have $100 instead of $33, which we got. Also we were to have $13 per month, but our pay averaged all through not about $6.00. The bondholder, who furnished the money, got his pay dollar for dollar and interest every year. But we fellows, the back-bone and sinew, who gave health and happiness and left good homes and paying positions for love of country —yes, sacrificed everything that man holds dear—must take about one-third what the government agreed to give us. If the government would pay us our just "money dues," and let the debt of gratitude the "people owe us" go, most of us would be content.—J. L. V.

Sweep Away the Red Tape.

GRAPEVINE, TEX.—In the first place, the law, requiring the applicant for pension to furnish testimony to show that his disabilities were contracted while in the army, and in line of duty, should be repealed. He should be pensioned without any regard to the time when, place where, his disabilities were contracted, and without any regard to the circumstances under which his disabilities were incurred, unless for his own vicious habits, and should be rated according to the nature and extent of his disabilities.

The widows of all pensioners should be pensioned without any regard to the cause of the death of the soldier, and should be rated at $25 per month instead of $12; and all minor children should be rated at $6 per month instead of $2.

And by all means, the limitation to the arrears act should be repealed, and the soldier paid from date of discharge, or from date of disability. Nothing short of this will approximate justice to those who sacrificed so much for the government.

There should, in addition to the pension laws now in existence, be something, the nature of a service pension law, for the benefit of those who are growing old and in need of assistance.

It appears to me, that the government can never release itself from its obligations to the soldier until it pensions every honorably discharged soldier.

And it is believed that all the better classes among the people, in all sections of the country, are in favor of more liberal pension legislation. Even many who fought in the confederate army say that there ought to be a more liberal pension system.—J. G.

Too Much Inequality.

WARREN, VT.—I think the laws are just, as far as they go; but the working of them is very unequal, and in many cases there is a great fraud, and in others great injustice to many, because of the lack of proper proof. A great many of the ex-soldiers are far remote from their comrades that knew them in the army and have lost all trace of them, hence cannot prove their claims. I do not believe it possible to do exact justice to all, and I believe that, from now on, the nearest just law is the per diem pension bill that has been introduced in Congress. Whatever is done for the soldier of the rebellion has got to be done soon, as it will not be long that many of us will want pensions, as we are being mustered out at a rapid rate. Men that went into the army in 1861 did not get any high bounties, and have never received what the government agreed to give them; instead of being paid in money, were paid in rags at less than half of their face value, while the bondholder has got more than he was promised, and the soldier in many cases lost his life to make those bonds good. This nation is amply able to give every man a liberal pension, and I cannot quite see why our congressmen are so tender-footed in this matter, unless it is for the future vote of the ex-soldier. Why not pension all according to services rendered and disability received?—S. B.

Repeal the Limitation Clause.

FOLK, MO.—I am a subscriber to THE BLADE since its first issue, and in fact, it is sound on all subjects. I hope it will be as just in its stand on the pension question as it is on all others. In regard to the repeal of the limitation clause of the arrearage act, does not THE BLADE think it should be repealed and let all of a class fare alike, as some of the most deserving and most independent are cut out?—C. J. E.

Equalize the Pensions.

JEWELL, Neb.—In my opinion any legislation looking to the equalization of pensions would be most favorably received by the old soldiers and their friends. I think a per diem pension would be the most popular among the boys, for this reason: It would compensate them in accordance with their term of service. In lieu of anything of that kind, a general pension law of $8 or $12 per month would be better than nothing at all, but would not give those who served a long term an amount equal to those who only served a short time. We do not expect to conciliate our natural enemies, the Democrats and Southern brigadiers, although there are some notable exceptions, even amongst them. As for myself, I served continuously from August 16, 1861, until February 6, 1866—almost 4½ years, and have never asked Uncle Sam for a shilling—although if a bill were passed of the kind mentioned, it would be very acceptable. —S. R.

Bad Logic.

MORAN, KAN.—If this administration does not help the soldier, it is good-bye Republican party, as they promised to, and that was the reason Kansas gave 82,000 majority.—D. B.

[How would the defeat of the Republican party better things? Have you any idea that the Democratic party would do better by the soldier? That is preposterous. The thing to do is to waken the rank and file of the Republican party to a realization of its duty to the soldier.—ED. BLADE.]

Service Pension the Thing.

BROWNSVILLE, O.—I believe the time has come when all ex-soldiers should be pensioned. We have a Republican President and a majority in the House and Senate; they stand pledged to do justice by the old soldiers; will they do it? If they fail, the next House of Representatives will be Democratic.—C. A. C.

THURSTON, N. Y.—All the comrades here are much pleased to know that the BLADE will take up the pension matter. In this vicinity the G. A. R. comrades and their friends favor a service pension to all who served ninety days or more. They favor a per diem plan, with an $8 limit, and in addition to invalid pensions. Your taking hold of the matter is hailed with delight here. If other leading Republican papers will fall in line, the Republican party will continue to hold the fort for years in this state.—J. M. A.

CAPE FAIR, Mo.—Service pensions will benefit the country at large almost as much as it will the pensioners. Almost all the old veterans are in need of something, and if they had the money they would pay it out for what they need, thereby putting the money in circulation.—P. M. S.

As Good as Ever.

LAY, KAN.—I am glad to know you are going to look after the interest of soldiers—that you have spread your banner for our cause; and may it wave from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and over Alaska, too, if I have been a reader of THE BLADE for many years and I have been asked by my acquaintances, more than fifty times, "what about THE BLADE; is it as good as it used to be?" My answer is, "you can not see any difference between now and four years ago, only the Nasby letters—that is all."—S. W.

Wants Service Pension.

MARLETON, N. Y.—I think a service pension should be granted in proportion to the time in service to date, from the time of discharge, of 1 cent a day per mon h, deducting this from any and all sums already paid in excess of the amount that the person might be entitled to, except for the loss of limbs, eyesight, or any other trouble amounting to total disability, that would seem to place all on an equal footing. Of course this is a mere outline. As I am almost 70 years old, I shall not need it long. I have not had one cent, although I served from the fall of '62 till the close of the war.—J. D. A.

Twenty Years Trying.

NEOSHO, Mo.—I am glad that one paper in the United States of America has the sand to stand by the boys that wore the blue. I have been trying to get a pension for over twenty years, and if I don't get one soon I will not need it. If Congress intends to help us, the sooner the better.—E. S.

Paid in Depreciated Paper.

CHARITON, IOWA.—I think Uncle Sam owes the soldiers some money, if not in the shape of depreciated paper; for we did not get the most of the time more than $5 or $6 a month. The bondholder got his interest in gold, while the soldiers got about 30 cents on the dollar in paper. But I did not care for that. I expected to have it made up to us some way, but it begins to look now that Uncle Sam has forgotten to consider those who are needy now. I think the only plan is to pension every soldier at $12 per month; also that the limitation act should be repealed, and the bounty be equalized so that all be paid alike, according to their time of service.—T. S.

It is Always There.

WESTFIELD, MASS.—Am glad THE BLADE is always to be found on the side of justice and right.—A. H. S.

Are There Many Such?

WHITE LAKE, DAK.—It is terrible the way I had to live, when my soldier husband served four years in the defense of his country, lost his health and died in three years after the war was over, leaving me two infants to care for. I tried for nine years for my pension. I could not support myself, or I would not have re-married. I was almost starving.—EX-WIDOW.

It Takes Too Long.

———.—The greatest difficulty in getting a pen-ion is to secure recognition from the pension department at Washington. I know a great many who have applied for pensions, and whose applications have been on file at Washington for months, and in some cases for years, and they have not yet received an order for medical examination. Would it not be best to commence the reform at headquarters?—W. G. A.

They Need Pensions.

LAKIN, KAN.—All of the boys need all the pension that they do or are likely to receive, for if they left all the comforts of home to endure the hardships and privations of life in the far away west, where crops have failed to pay for the seed and labor bestowed, but the brave boys take life as it comes, with little or no complaint.—J. L. S.

Thanks!

———.—I am glad to see such papers as yours taking the veterans' part. We need higher influence than our weak selves.—J. N. C.

Don't Want to Be Called "Paupers."

WELLSTON, O.—As to the dependent pension bill, the same spirit that prompted the soldier to do duty, go on skirmish line, the picket post, etc., while physically unfit for the same, rather than bear the odium of "falling in with the play-offs," and going to a surgeon and getting excused from duty, the same spirit, I say, of manly independence will deter them from declaring themselves paupers in order to get the benefit of the dependent pension bill. We will not humiliate ourselves in this manner for a part what is truly our own.—J. M. B.

The Arrearage Act.

DECATUR, MICH.—I hope you will not spare Congress until they strike from the statutes the law that allows them to steal his back pay from the old soldier. The arrearage act is but a government steal, and a mean one too.—H. H. V. O.

A Service Pension.

GERING, NEB.—I, for one, a soldier for three years, think that the government will never have done its duty to its defenders until it gives a pension to every honorably discharged soldier of $15 or $16 per month and that to commence when he passes the age of 50 years; for in my experience there are few at that age who are not physically nearly done with the labor of this life.—J. S. L.

Repeal the Limitation Clause.

SHOOKS, TENN.—Congress should do justice by repealing the limitation on arrears of pensions, and thus treat all alike.—J. H.

Service Pension Just.

MUSCODA, WIS.—The service pension bill is the most just plan, and will do the most good to the greatest number, and that number is the infirm, for all were subject to the same orders and did all they were ordered to do, or they were punished unless they were disabled some some way.—C. B. W.

Struggling With Poverty.

ELLIS, IOWA.—I like your article "How About Pensions?" very much. I wish every paper would bring it in the ears of Congress till they would do something for the soldier. There are soldiers all about here who have no support for their families but their daily labor, and some of them are in so poor health that they can't do a half-day's work in a day. Their families would suffer if their friends did not help them.—C. H. P.

Simplify the Law.

NEBO, ARK.—I think the dependent bill should pass, and that all we ought to do to procure pension is to identify ourselves and prove present disability for neighbors and comrades, if the latter can be found. Many of us are debarred from getting evidence, as the law now exists, by want of the almighty dollar; and here we are debarred from a doctor's certificate for the same reason—for in this state a doctor's bill has to be paid if the family lack bread.—R. F. S.

Do it, by All Means.

GEORGETOWN, TEX.—We comrades and Republicans here in the South (especially in Texas, the stronghold of the Democrats,) are too weak to have any influence in Congress with our votes, but could we not have some influence in Congress by getting up a memorial and sending it to Congress asking that the pension law be revised so as to do away with the red tape requirements, and to enact a law giving every honorably discharged soldier a service pension? I am glad that you have taken the stand that you have for the rights of the soldiers who took our lives in one hand, musket in the other, and went forth to battle that our flag and country might live forever.—G. A. J.

An Injustice.

BARBERSVILLE, IND.—Is it right that some get a pension from the date of discharge, while others only get from the date of filing claim for a pension? Is it right, is it justice? They fought side by side, and drank to the dregs of the same bitter cup. They both prove their disabilities up from the date of their discharge. But just because Congress has said at one time they should not draw upon the government from a certain date, they must be satisfied with the few dollars they got by waiting so long before asking for help. Is this right? I say, no; they should draw from the date of discharge, and Congress should repeal the law shutting out any honorably discharged soldier frow drawing from that date.—D. W.

Too much Delay.

ROSE LAWN, WIS.—I have had a claim pending at the pension office for nine years and can't get it to a settlement; have furnished all the evidence called for, but nothing done yet towards bringing it to a settlement.—W. F. B.

Service Pension.

CANTON, ILL.—I was one among the first to go into the war, and I think that the government has not done as it agreed to by its men who done the fighting. I would like to see every man get a pension according to the time served in the army.—W. M. S.

Tired of Waiting.

ST. DAVID, ILL.—The bondholders have been getting all the cream and the boys in blue have been drinking the sour milk for 25 years; and I, for one, have become disgusted, and if this present Congress don't do something for us now, they never will; so, boys, let's watch them, and keep our powder dry for the next election.—J. P.

Unequal Pensions.

CANTON, ILL.—I claim that where a disability is equal to the loss of a hand or foot, arm or leg, he should get the same pension, and there is no just or honest reason why he should not.—M. B. B.

A Plea for Parents.

SULLIVAN, ILL.—In justice to the surviving parents the government should give them a bounty for each son they furnished the army, particularly the ones who sent their boys to the front before they were 21 years of age. Those parents are few; the youngest of them has lived out three score and ten years. Some of them, perhaps all, have to depend on their own manual labor for a living. It would not be a bad idea to take a little off of the shoulder-strappers' widows and give to old mothers who bore the burdens and the heats of the day in the harvest fields of 1862 and '63.—J. H. Z.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AFTERNOON TEA

Only Bread and Butter—A Unique Holder.

One of the latest "fads" at 5 o'clock tea is to serve only bread and butter with the tea or cocoa. Sometimes the bread is prepared outside and brought in ready to serve, cut very thin and nicely buttered. But the favorite way is to have a bread board and trencher on the table, which holds the tea things, and to cut and butter the bread before the guests. Perhaps the last two verbs in the preceding sentence should be reversed, for one way of serving the bread is to butter the loaf, then cut it.

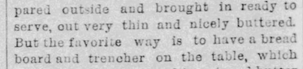


FIG. I.

A unique sort of holder, suitable to use with the afternoon tea equipage, was sold at a fashionable store during the holiday season. It can be made of two kinds of cloth, or, more fancy still, of velvet and satin. Cut two pieces of dark velvet exactly the shape of Fig. I and about seven inches long. Sew them together in a firm seam across the top and down to the crosses. Then work eyes and mouth in the head and wings on each half of the velvet, as in Fig. II. Stuff the figure with cotton, being sure that the head and tail are well filled out. Then separate the layers of cotton at the bottom, so that part will lie against each half of the velvet between the crosses

FIG. II.

below the body. Cut satin to cover this cotton; it will be almost circular in shape. Turn in the satin and button hole it around on the velvet, which should be turned in. The satin is the part which touches the kettle handle. The whole looks like Fig. I. L. D. B.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Natural.
Boston Courier.

I love the feathery snowflakes when they fly
In countless numbers, whirling to and fro;
But not when deep upon the walk they lie,
And 'tis my turn to shovel off the snow.

St. Louis Has a Site.
Philadelphia Times.

St. Louis has secured a site for the world's fair. This reminds one of the Irishman who found a gun-flint and said: "Begor, I'd be all right now if I had the rest of the gun."

The Chicago Art Critic.
Minneapolis Tribune.

"The 'Angelus' cost $210 66⅔ a square inch," says the Chicago *Times*. From a Chicago standpoint the above is the most elegant, eloquent, and complete art criticism that could have been written.

The Age of the Camera.
Fliegende Blatter.

"By thunder, old fellow, what has happened to you that you smile so all the time? What was so good?"

"Oh, nothing at all! but you see one never knows nowadays but somebody may be photographing him."

Where Ignorance is Bliss.
Judge.

Little dreams he, as he kneels so meek
At the feet of the maid debonair,
That her teeth are false, that she paints her cheek,
That she wears another's hair.

One of the Results.
Chicago News.

Senator Vest has become so profoundly learned in butchers' meat during the progress of his committee's special investigations that he is now entirely competent to do the family marketing.

A Doctor's Scheme.
Lawrence American.

Paterby—Look here, doctor, what's this bill for two dollars? You haven't been called to attend me or any of my family.

Doctor—No, old man. But don't you remember, you asked me to treat when we were at the Brunswick the other day?

Paterby (mystified)—Yes, but—

"Well, I charge two dollars every time I treat a man."

The Rod and the Child.
Chicago Herald.

By sparing the rod we are spoiling the child,
And all through the future the offspring will show it;
But "train up a child in the way he should go,"
And the first chance he gets he is likely to "go it."

Why Ibsen Fell Flat.
Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Ibsen is disappointed because his works have not created more of a sensation in this country, is he? Well, really, what did he expect? He comes to us without a review from Mr. Gladstone, Arthur Sullivan has not written any ballads to be interpolated in his dramas, not a single society actress has been asked to raise a finger or a leg in his behalf, Mr. Howells is apparently indifferent to his philosophy and on his own merits he is scientifically uninteresting. If on that showing he hopes for miracles he had better go in for the faith cure.

When the Sun Goes Down.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Though the morning may be dreary,
And the day be long and weary,
Though the clouds may darkly lower,
And the tempest fiercely frown,
We shall quite forget the shadows
That have lingered in the meadows
If there be a golden hour
When the sun goes down.

Chip of the Old Block.
Washington Star.

Mamma—"Where have you been, daughter?"

Daughter—"Been out on the Ave, Mom, and saw more good looking chappies than I've seen in a month of Christmases."

Mamma (with a pained expression)—"Good heavens, child, such language as you do use! What makes you so dippy"

Consolation for the Afflicted.
Omaha Bee.

If New York does not get the World's Fair it will console itself by feting the Prince of Wales. The dudes and Anglomaniacs of Gotham will contribute dollars to entertain Albert Edward where they would not give dimes to honor the memory of Columbus.

Spare the Robins.
Dayton Journal.

A member of the Ohio House has introduced an amendment to the game law as follows: "Nothing in this act, however, shall be held to prevent the killing of the common robin by any fruit grower upon his own premises, where such birds are destroying his fruit." A man who will shoot a robin under any circumstances ought to be put into the work-house for a month.

800 Men Wanted

At $85 per month in advance. If you wish to engage with us we will send you $85 cash and guarantee expenses. Send $1 for complete instructions. Address, J. C. WALL & Co., Tacoma, Wash.

An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business often talking is unnecessary as illustrated in the case of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jos. Bemis of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand photograph album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonderstruck and writer of sign. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over $140." This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Insides charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only $2. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 50,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and subscription books, also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed free. Write at once and secure choice of territory. Address H. HALLETT & CO., BOX 746, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Mrs. Franklin's Letter.

In "Annals of Philadelphia" there is a copy of a letter, written in 1765, by Mrs. Benjamin Franklin to her husband in Europe. It is given as a picture of domestic doings at that time.

"In the room downstairs is the sideboard, which is very handsome and plain, with two tables made to suit it, and a dozen chairs also. The chairs are plain horse-hair, and look as well as Paduasoy, and are admired by all.

"The little south room I have papered, as the walls were much soiled. In this room is a carpet I bought cheap for its goodness, and nearly new. The large carpet is in the blue room. In the parlor is a Scotch carpet which has had much fault found with it. Your timepiece stands in one corner, which I am told, all things say, but I say we shall have all these things as they should be, when you come home. If you could meet with a Turkey carpet, I should like it; but if not I shall be very easy, for as to these things I have become quite indifferent at this time.

"In the north room where we sit, we have a small Scotch carpet, the small bookcase, brother John's picture, and one of the king and queen. In the room for our friends, we have the Earl of Bute hung up, and a glass.

"May I desire you to remember drinking glasses, and a large tablecloth or two; also a pair of silver canisters? The closet doors in your room have been framed for glasses, unknown to me; I shall send you an account of the panes required. I shall also send the measure of the fireplaces, and the pier of glass.

"The chimneys do well, and I have baked in the oven and found it is good. The room we call yours has in it a desk,—the harmonica made like a desk,—a large chest with all the writings, the boxes of glasses for music, and for the electricity and all your clothes. The pictures are not put up, as I do not like to drive nails, lest they be not right.

"The blue room has the harmonica and the harpsichord, the gilt sconce, a card-table, a set of tea china, the worked chairs and screen, a very handsome stand for the teakettle to stand on, and the ornamental china. The paper of this room has lost much of its bloom by pasting up. The curtains are not yet made.

"The south room is my sleeping-room with my Susannah, where we have a bed without curtains, a chest of drawers, a table, a glass, and old black walnut chairs, and some of our family pictures.

"I have taken all the dead letters (meaning those he had as postmaster-general), and the papers that were in the garret with the books not taken by Billy (his son, W. Franklin, of Burlington), and had them boxed and barrelled up, and put in the south garret to await your return. Sally has the south room up two pair of stairs, having therein a bed, bureau, table, glass, and the picture, a trunk and books, but these you can't have any notion of!"

She finally concludes familiarly and pathetically, "O my child! there is a great odds between a man's being at home and abroad, as everybody is afraid they shall do wrong, so everything is left undone!"

Only a Fake.

As more absurd "fakes" originate at Monticello than at any other point in the state, it need surprise no one to read a dispatch from that place announcing the amusing political discovery that "there is a strong feeling among the farmers" in favor of the election of "the Hon. S. W. Allerton, of Chicago," as United States Senator, because he offered a premium for the best 100 acres of corn raised in Piatt county. If a Senatorship is to be the reward of such premiums, every county may reasonably expect similar offers.—[Springfield (Ill.) State Journal.

Better Than Manna.

"So you have had the influenza?" said the housewife to her washerwoman.

"That I have. And for one long week not a mouthful of bread passed my lips."

"What did you live on?"

"Sure, I lived on the strength of me grip."—[Hartford Post.

A Good Point in the Extradition Treaty.
Boston Advertiser.

While a Democratic administration was very willing to form a treaty which should oblige our government to surrender, at the demand of England, an Irish patriot who should have fled for refuge to our country, a Republican administration would not listen to such a proposition for a moment.

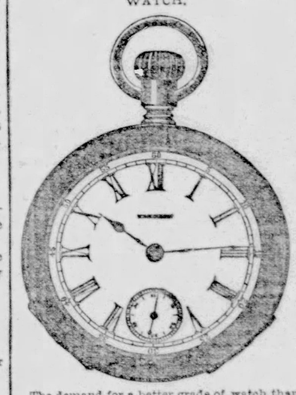
Why the Church Bells Ring.

Johnny—Pa, what do they ring church bells for, anyhow?

Pa—To make people believe there's a fire in the other world, my son.—[Epoch.

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stem winders, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $8.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, the size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these picthres at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough for anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper, size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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Is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are of the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ABOUT MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

What They Are in the United States and in Some Foreign Lands.

No other society event challenges half of the interest that a marriage does; none causes quite such a ripple—sometimes growing into a wave—of excitement which lasts until the bride couple have fairly departed upon their wedding trip, or have settled down to everyday life like other mortals. Whether they are fitted for each other; whether he has made a mistake or she has thrown herself away; what are his prospects for the future; how many times either or both have been engaged; the extent of the bride's trousseau; how much it cost; the number and value of the wedding presents—these are the questions that agitate social circles and make a talk, the length and interest of which depends upon position of bride and groom, or upon the attendant circumstances of the union.

In no other country are the customs with regard to marriage like those of the United States. Nowhere is there the freedom of choice; nowhere is the woman allowed such control over her own fate in this direction. It is the exception rather than the rule, that parents absolutely decide their daughter's future. Occasionally there is one who says "thou shalt" or "thou shall not," but in the majority of such cases the end is an elopement. American girls imbibe with their mother's milk an independence of thought and action, which, it is true, unless carefully directed, sometimes leads to their ruin. They believe in their right to choose the husband with whom they are to go through life. In the Eastern cities there is something of the thought of Europe creeping into the upper tendom through which settlements, dower rights, etc., are considered by the parents, but this is confined to a very small proportion of the wealthier classes. Everywhere over the length and breadth of the land, young men pay court to their sweethearts with a devotion limited only by the consent of the latter, and often with far too little deference to the wishes of the parents. The latter have rights that are frequently ignored. They have loved and cared for these maidens from their infancy, and it is, at best, hard to see them turn away to a comparative stranger giving a love and confidence that is often without limit, refusing the advice which is the outcome of a love that has never known wavering or change.

AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

Curiously enough the freedom of choice in a husband which American girls have has its equal only among nations that are not civilized. And yet among primitive peoples this freedom is only apparent, simply succeeding the old way of carrying off the bride by force. Capture seems to be the thought always, though softened down by civilization. Some very funny customs have obtained in the past and still continue in different parts of the world. We are told that among certain tribes in Western China it is customary for the bride, on the wedding morning, to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder females of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes, and pinches from the dowagers; and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate but communicating compartments. At a given signal, so soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, "tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them." As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.

There are very few peoples, civilized or barbarous, that dispense entirely with some sort of marriage rites, but we are told that this is the case with some tribes in Southwestern China. Their methods have been described in this way:

With the return of each spring the marriageable lads and lasses erect a "lovers' stall." On May 1st, crowned with ribbons and flowers, and dance around it to the tune of the men's castanets. Choice is made by the young men of particular maids who take their fancy, and, if these reciprocate the admiration of their wooers, the pairs stray of to the neighboring hills and valleys for the enjoyment of a short honeymoon, after which the husbands seek out their brides' parents, and agree as to the amount in kind which they shall pay them as compensation for the loss of their daughters. Among other clans the young people repair to the hillsides in the "leaping month," and play at catch with colored balls adorned with long strings. The act of tying two balls together, with the consent of the owners of both, is considered a sufficient preliminary for the same kind of al fresco marriage as that just described. In the province of Kwang-se a kind of official sanction is given to these spontaneous alliances. The young men and women of the neighboring aboriginal tribes assemble on a given day in the courtyards of the prefects' yamuns, and seat themselves on the ground, the men on one side of the yards and the women on the other. As his inclination suggests, each young man crosses over and seats himself by the lady of his choice. He then, in the words of the Chinese historian, "breathes into her mouth," and if this attention is accepted in good part, the couple pair off without more ado. The act thus described is probably that of kissing; but the exact form of salutation is entirely unknown among the Chinese, the historian is driven to describe it by a circumlocution.

Among educated Chinese, however, these customs are held in contempt, though in their rites, to-day, are traces of them to be seen. The groom always sends for his bride a company of men, so that, apparently, she is to be carried off against her will. This seems rather absurd, as there has been already an arrangement of matters through the "best man," an exchange of presents and a casting of horoscopes. The gifts form as important a part of the ceremony as they do among our highly civilized American people. All sorts of things are given, but a goose and a gander, which are considered emblems of conjugal fidelity, are rarely omitted. I wonder what they do when these presents are duplicated as often happens, with gifts among ourselves.

Another curious custom of the Chinese is the lifting of the bride across the threshold of her husband's house over a charcoal fire. I have not been able to find anywhere an explanation of this custom, though it must have a meaning.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

The marriage customs of different nations have all an especial interest, inasmuch as they afford a key to the character of the people themselves. In Russia, as soon as a couple is betrothed, the gentleman is constantly at the house of his affianced. Among the wealthy the preparations for the marriage begin immediately. The trousseau is provided by the bride's parents, all but the wedding costume and that is given by the groom. Her dowry includes beside her wardrobe, household linen, carpets, curtains, solid silver table furnishings, china, and most indispensable of all, a piano.

Marriages are performed in church. Before setting out the father of the bridegroom waves a picture of Christ crosswise over the head of his son three times, and then gives it to him to kiss. The mother follows suit; then they take a full saltcellar and wave that in a similar manner. Unlucky, indeed, is it to have any of the salt escape. Then they start for the church, where, at the door, they meet the bride, who has gone through a similar ceremony. Hand in hand the young people proceed to the altar. What follows is thus described:

The choir of male voices begins an anthem, which is certainly very powerful and beautiful, although unaccompanied by any instruments. Alas! we never understood more than the words frequently heard, "Gospodi, gespodi, pismileo," which, we were told meant "O Lord, O Lord have mercy upon us!" The young couple prostrate themselves thrice; then the "royal gates," or door, in the broad, richly-gilt, picture paneled altar-screen are thrown open, and the priest in his ornate canonicals appears. He makes the sign of the cross over their heads and then places in their hands two wax tapers ornamented with ribbons. Incense is waved, and the service begins. After two short prayers the priest goes to the altar and brings thence two thick rings of gold which have been worn during the engagement. These had been given to him at the commencement of the service to be laid on the "throne," or high altar. He gives the rings to the young people with certain words. They then exchange rings three times.

Arrived at home, the ceremony of benediction by the parents is again performed, and in similar fashion to that before starting for the church. The superstition connected with the candles that are held during the ceremony is peculiar. They watch which candle burns most rapidly. The one to which the candle which is lowest at the end of the service is supposed to be the one who will die first. It is a very melancholy idea, and must have a painful effect all through life on those deeply attached.

Wedding presents are rarely given in Russia, nor wedding journeys taken. No one can marry more than three times, and priests but once. Secret marriages are not valid, so that elopements are unknown. Some of their customs would not be amiss in the United States.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A NEW DECORATION.

Soot painting is a new and popular way of decorating, and very easily done. It can be put upon paper, wood or china, and made quite effective. Very little skill is required so far as drawing and painting are concerned, but there must be taste in arrangement, some deftness of the hand, and care in detail.

Light a candle, and pass a china plate quickly over the flame back and forth. The black substance that gathers upon it must then be thoroughly mixed with a few drops of olive oil, using a wood palette knife as a spoon. Have some leaves ready which are thickly veined, and with a little piece of wadding dab the coloring over the back of it, or upon the back of a flower. Arrange them upon the surface you want decorated in any pretty group arrangement, then press them down firmly and evenly. Sometimes it is better to put only one leaf at a time in place and press it, then remove and put another on, in the prettiest way possible. Never move the leaves or flowers about, but if you make a slight mistake, use a paint brush upon the edges to make them even. You can also put in veins and stalks with it. When done upon cardboard or paper it needs only drying, but upon wood, after being well dried, it should be varnished.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

CHILD'S BED-SPREAD.—From white muslin, or better still, night-shirt cloth, cut twenty pieces three-eighths of a yard square. Upon each square stamp Greenaway figures with appropriate lettering. These are to be etched with red embroidery cotton. When completed, join the squares together, four in width, by five in length, and as a finish to the seams, and a pretty dividing line for the squares, use the red and white feather braid, which you can purchase by the piece. Cut a lining, of the same material as the squares, but six inches larger each way than the upper part of the spread. Baste the edge of the lining over upon the right side of the spread thus making a border of white, three inches wide. Finish this by stitching three rows of the braid entirely around the quilt on the inside edge of the border, leaving a space equal to the width of the braid between each row. The entire cover may be edged with lace, if desired.

SACHET.—A pretty sachet for the bureau or work-table is easily made by purchasing one of the small silk corsage handkerchiefs now in fashion.

An effective one which was intended as a Christmas gift was made of a hemstitched yellow handkerchief. Take cotton batting and pull it and work it into a good sized ball. Sprinkle it with sachet powder, and then gather the handkerchief over it, and tie it tightly. Gather some pretty white lace, quite full, and fasten it around the bag where it is tied. Place a fancy ball or tassel upon each corner of the handkerchief. They will fall gracefully over the white lace, which should be about three inches wide.

CAT-TAIL BOUQUET.—A novel way of fixing cat-tails, which makes them quite ornamental and at the same time prevents the feathery heads from separating and flying about the room, is as follows: Take bits of bright-colored silks or ribbons about three inches longer than the cat-tail heads. Fringe each end about an inch deep and then sew each piece up so that it will slip easily over the brown head. Tie at both ends with narrow ribbon. A generous bunch of these hooded heads, placed in a large vase aids wonderfully in brightening a dark corner.

SHOPPING-BAGS.—Weave flat black mohair braid in and out in the same fashion as the kindergarten children make their mats. The bag will require a woven piece about 12 by 9 inches, so that when doubled over it will be 6 by 9. Make a full puff of black silk or satin and insert at the sides and sew a piece of the same material about 8 inches wide around the top. In this piece prepare a place for a shirring cord, by which to hang the bag over the arm, and use cord as a finish where the satin joins the braided part of the bag. A similar bag may be fashioned by using a piece of ooze leather in place of the braided mohair, and in addition to the shirring cord, handles of the leather may be fastened upon each side. A long, narrow basket, shaped something like a knife basket, makes a very useful bag when provided with a top of some pretty material drawn up at the top by cord or ribbon.—L. H. B.

Several handsome bags are described in "Fancy Work and House Decoration." Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get the book.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind: t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot: r c, ribbed crochet: c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch: o sh st, open shell stitch; sl st, slip stitch; sh s, short crochet.

LACE FOR CURTAINS.—This makes nice lace for curtains, or, if made in macrame cord, makes pretty lambrequins. Cast on 19 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—p 2—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—k 2; 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1—(24 sts); 3d row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p 2—k 9—(26 sts); 4th row—k 11—p 7—k 2—p 5—k 1—(26 sts); 5th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3—p 2—k 2—(o 2—n) 3 times—k 1—(31 sts); 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 9—k 2—p 5—k 1—(31 sts); 7th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 4—p 2—k 12—(33 sts); 8th row—bind off 5 sts—k 8—p 11—k 2—p 5—k 1—(28 sts); 9th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—s 1—k 1—(pass slip stitch over)—k 7—n—p 2—k 2—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1—(28 sts); 10th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 9—k 2—p 5—k 1—(28 sts); 11th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—p 2—s 1—k 1—(pass slip stitch over)—k 5—n—p 2—k 9—(26 sts); 12th row—k 11—p 7—k 2—p 5—k 1—(26 sts); 13th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—s 1—k 1—(pass slip stitch over)—k 3—n—p 2—k 2—(o 2—n) 3 times—k 1—(27 sts); 14th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—p 5—k 2—p 5—k 1—(27 sts); 15th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—s 1—k 1—(pass slip stitch over)—k 1—n—p 2—k 12—(25 sts); 16th row—k 14—p 3—k 2—p 5—k 1—(25 sts); 17th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—p 2—k 3 tog—p 2—k 12—(23 sts); 18th row—bind off 4—k 12—p 5—k 1. Repeat from beginning. The o 2 should be worked as two stitches, knitting 1st loop and purling the 2d.

SHOULDER SCARF.—Use Saxony or Spanish wool and medium-sized hook. Make a chain as wide as the shawl scarf is to be. 1st row—miss 2 loops—1 trs in 3d l—2 ch—1 trs in 3d l—repeat from * to end; 2d row—miss 2 trs—2 trs under the first of the 2 ch trs, placing the 4 ch of the previous row in front of the tr—4 ch—1 d c under the same tr that the 2 trs are under—repeat from * to end of row—turn; 3d row—2 trs under first tr as before, placing the 4 ch of previous row back of the trs as usual instead of front—1 d c under the same tr that the 2 trs are under—this brings the trs on one side of the work and the chs on the other. Repeat the 2d and 3d rows alternately for the length required. *Make a shell of 9 trs and 1 d c an around the scarf—repeat from * till the border is as wide as required. The ends can be fringed, if preferred, by tying in several strands of wool and knotting for a heading. Three-quarter yard wide and two yards long is a good size for a scarf.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco Co., Orn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CURIOSITY, AND OTHER THINGS.—I begin to feel quite at home in these columns so will undertake to tell you a few of my ideas about curiosity. The men, as a rule, think the women have so much curiosity. I feel flattered! Living in the busy world, with so many curious things happening all around me and so much to learn of what has happened in the past, of course I am curious. Why does a geologist take a hammer in one hand and valise in the other and walk miles to break a queer looking stone? What makes a naturalist lay in the groves for hours at a time keeping perfectly still so birds and insects do not feel constrained in his presence? Why does the chemist mix bad-smelling drugs or minerals? And why do we so eagerly look for THE BLADE every week? Oh! curiosity is a good trait. But we must cultivate it. Don't treat it like a weed, or it will act like a stunted tree reaching out its branches in an uncertain manner and bend to the ground; then it stops and it will tower like a majestic tree of the forest, lifting its branches up to the pure sunlight and clear air of life and liberty. Better to dive in the ocean of knowledge for pearls than to limit yourself to the mud-puddle. Let your curiosity lead you upward and it will. I know children ask a good many questions; but how can they help it when there is so much to learn and so many wonderful sights and sounds constantly around them. Don't tell them ridiculous stories in answer to their childish questions, and then laugh if they hesitate or perhaps believe what you say. They should be taught little by little, and if some things are too hard for them to understand tell them kindly what they can comprehend; let them know there are many things grown people do not understand. Some may object to this; but we have to see much that we know to be true and yet not really understand. For instance, a tiny seed placed in the ground will bring forth a lovely flower. Who can comprehend it? Another seed very similar in appearance sends a weed to annoy us with its undesirable presence. There is much to be said on this subject, but I do not want to monopolize.

As we always have a dessert after the more substantial fare so to finish I will have my favorite theme painting; like the rest it should be boiled down, but not too much or it will be boiled dry. Here it is; take what you like of it, for you have the privilege of seasoning to your taste. I am writing to those who are depending on their own judgment—I mean painting without the supervision of a teacher. One thing never forget, emphasize your pictures—that is, give them character. In one it is strength, another delicacy. Some are treated broadly, others with much detail. Strengthen the darks and brighten the lights expeditiously, that it be fresh and clean. Be very careful not to mix colors too much. Preserve the forms accurately. Avoid precision. Don't have the tops of hills or distant woodlands forming regular scallops. Don't make each leaf or petal of a flower perfect in shape. In coloring, blue makes things appear in the distance; red leaves to the foreground, distant objects should be indistinct and light colored. A little yellow with white makes a bright color for high light. Yellow and vermillion make a cadmium, or orange, according to the proportion. Colors mixed too much look "dead." Have your outline right before you begin. At least have the lights and darks passed. Often in a small piece of work I outline with my brush as I paint. One must have some practice to be able to do this. Persevere with a will and you will conquer. I have a good many letters this time in answer to my first letter. I would like to know how you like the magazine, those who have subscribed sent by sample.—MRS. S. D. M., Seward, Neb.

WHAT THEY THOUGHT.—I am a member of the grand association, the Y. W. C. T. U. We have about 85 members in our Home Union, and held our first public festival and reception in one of the halls, to which all were invited. Special invitations were sent to the class of young men who seldom frequent places of good. It was intended to be an occasion of friendliness and good will all around. We had a short programme, also refreshments, and the Y's had leap year privileges for the evening. Each one was to invite a young gentleman to escort her to supper, and treat him in the friendliest way possible. We all did as stated above, and I, as well as the rest of the members, thought we had done the most Christian-like evening's work that could be done. We did, for the evening. But what of the morrow? I, by chance, overheard the conversation of a couple of young men who especially needed to be drawn to the fold. In was in about these words:

S.—"How did they treat you last night?"

B.—"They were mighty friendly when I had on my Sunday clothes, but I met three or four of them this morning in going to work, and they didn't even see (?) me, let alone speaking to me."

S.—"They treated me the same. I'll never be caught at any more of their pious doin's." B.—"I either. I'm as good in my work clothes as when I am dressed up."

What a sad ending to all our hopes of doing good. All because these three or four neglected to do even this much for God and our union. I suppose they were alone and were afraid that if the people saw them speaking to such folks they would think badly of them. I met these same young men and took special care to show them my friendly feelings. I care not what people think as long as I know our Father is pleased. Dear sisters and brothers, do not, above all things, be cold and indifferent to the class of which I have just spoken. You commit an unpardonable sin by so doing. Let them know in a friendly and brotherly way that you do not approve of their wrong ways, do all you can to bring them into the Sunday schools and Y. M. C. A. and make them feel at home. You will be richly rewarded by seeing them frequent churches instead of saloons and gambling dens.—INFINITUS VERITAS.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.—I am going to ask you if you have a good cook-book. Now, I mean those that can't afford to pay $2 for a cook-book at some store. I'll tell you how I got mine, and I would not part with it if I could not get another, and I should hate to lose some of the recipes I have in this, for I know I could not get the same again.

I took an old ledger and marked in it on one part "Cake and Puddings," on another part of the book I marked "Meats of All Kinds," and so on all through, just as I ever part I thought would need the most for the recipes; for when I find a recipe that I think is good I try it; then I cut it out and paste it in my homestead cook book and if I get one from some one of my friends that I can't cut out I copy it on a piece of paper and paste it in my book.

And now I want to ask of those who are making crazy quilts, if they ever thought of the plan I read of the other day for mothers that have a host of little ones as this lady or I have. It takes calico and worsted, anything you make their dresses of, and use only each child's pieces for its own quilt; cut the pieces any shape you like and mark it with Kensington stitch the child's name and age then, and you will have a quilt the child will appreciate when it is grown, and will always have something as a keepsake.

I like the plan myself so well that I started one for my two youngest girls, and you don't know what a pleasure it is to work at them and how eager they are when they get home from school. The first thing is: "Mamma, have you worked at our quilt to-day?" Try it, sisters, and see what pleasure there is in it. I will send a few cake recipes, and I hope you will try them, as I know they are good.—MRS. J. M. W., Island Station, Colo.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one kindly tell me where I can obtain steel engravings of the poets and prominent literary and political leaders, or unmounted photographs of same? I can find no advertisement that will help me in this matter.—BLACK HILLS BLUE BELL.

Can any one let me know directly, by mail, where I can get the O. K. Tailor system of dress cutting?—MRS. SUSIE SKINNER, No. 1539 Washington st., Lincoln, Neb.

Will some one send a recipe for making jelly pies? How shall I bake my light bread to have a soft crust? What will destroy the small black flies that kill my plants? I should like to know soon, before my geraniums are all dead.—MRS. L. L. SCHOOLER, Spickardsville, Mo.

Would some one tell me what to do to make eye-lashes long?—M. M.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD, that have cacti plants, send me a small slip? I will send sweet william seed (mixed colors) to those sending stamped self-addressed envelopes as long as they last; also double hollyhocks, yellow.—MRS. C. M. BETTS, Abrams, Oconto county, Wis.

Will some one tell me what to do to keep the fruit from sinking to the bottom of my fruit cake?—MRS. M. M. I.

Will the readers of THE BLADE please send me a few buttons for my charm string? I am a boy 12 years old and am trying to get a collection. Address CHARLIE CROWDER, Lawrence, Kan.

I should like to correspond with some boys or girls who could send me curiosities, such as minerals, shells, and also a few Confederate bills. Should like something from every state. Will return postage.—OSCAR P. BENEUD, Amboy, Blue Earth county, Minn.

Would some one of the HOUSEHOLD send me an instruction book or music for a beginner, if they have any they do not care for? I will pay the postage. An old reader of THE BLADE.—N. E.

If MRS. Thos. Bishop will send me her address and postage, I will send her patterns for baby's long-sleeved aprons.—MYRTLE.

Would some one tell me where or how I can get a pair of parrots that will talk? MYRTLE.

If any of THE BLADE readers have the "A Never Forgotten Sin," published in the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser*, in 1886, I think, and will send it to me, I will gladly pay for it. I wish my children to read it.—MRS. JAY SKINNER.

A soldier's orphan. I am 15 years of age and a cripple. I would like a home in some easterly state, where I could get a fair schooling and a home till of age. Address N. G., Box 8, Jhaya, Fulton Co., Ill.

If there is any member of the HOUSEHOLD that have had any experience with knitting machines for family use, will they please write to me, and say which is the best?—MRS. W. G. WHITE, OLYMPIE, Washington.

I have an old family Bible that has one cover off. Would like if some one would tell me how I could fix it so it would look nice. It is very valuable as a record and very old.

Can anyone tell me what is the matter with my beans? In the fall they are very nice, but in the spring they are full of little black bugs. How can I get rid of them, and why do they come in the beans?—A WIDOW.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Many thanks to our correspondent in Keelersville for her words of cheer. Knowing somewhat of the power of thought, either silent or expressed, she can understand that such as hers cannot fail to help the editor of the HOUSEHOLD in her efforts to help others.—ED.

DIXIE—There are other things more stylish than white dotted mull for a wedding dress. For winter wear some of the soft cream-white wool goods would be prettier and but little more expensive. Then there are the crepy fabrics, that make up well. A plain goods is better than figured for such an occasion.—ED.

Greenhorn—You can see in the "Correspondence" how to begin and end your letters to THE BLADE. Address those intended for the HOUSEHOLD to that department.

In the case of a young man calling upon you when the gentleman to whom you are engaged is present, you should treat the last comer just as courteousiy as the favored lover. It is not etiquette for a lady to take hat and coat if there is a hall where they can be removed and left during the call. If not, it is quite proper for you to take those of the new comer.—ED.

Tell Gypsy, of Princeton, Iowa, that there is a school for the destitute at Galloway, Mo., and anything she may have, either first or second handed, will be appreciated, and if she will send them to J. R. Burke, Galloway, Greene Co., Mo., he will refund to her the postage.—Daisie Burke.

TEXAS STELLA asks in THE BLADE how to wash zephyrs without fading. My way is to dissolve one ounce of borax in water; use half of it in the water you wash the zephyrs in, and the rest in the rinsing water.

Also some one asked how to clean a zinc. Take as much strong vinegar as will lay on the zinc without running off. Let it remain a while, then wipe it better, so it does not dry. Then rub it off clean and dry and polish with kerosene.

"Gypsy," Princeton, Iowa: I do not know of such S. S., but I do know of an institution of children less fortunate than your class who would enjoy the papers, and you may be the means of doing much good if you interest your class in them. It is known as the Christian Home. There are from sixty to eighty orphan children cared for there all the time. Send your papers to the manager, Rev. J. G. Lemen, Council Bluffs, Iowa. And if you will write me your address I'll send you some papers to distribute to your class, which will tell them more than I can, although I'll write them a letter, telling something very interesting. Any other reader who will try to do a little for these children, and will send their name, I'll see that they receive a sample copy of the Christian Home paper.—MRS. A. S. RICE, Magnolia, Harrison county, Iowa.

If "Aunt Olive" will, on each night, take one heaping teaspoonful of good sugar, one teaspoonful of essence of peppermint (or less if strong) and one-third cupful of water, warm or cold, providing the water has been brought to a boiling point, she will be benefited. This remedy has been tried with success. When the gathering within the stomach is banished, the irregular beating of the heart will likely cease to a certain extent.—GRANDMOTHER.

MRS. MEYERS: Thoroughly grease the heads, combs and throats of your chickens and give them ½ teaspoonful of lard with 6 drops of turpentine mixed in it.

RECIPES.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Take 1 qt. of new milk, set it on the stove, and, when hot, stir in 6 beaten eggs and a grated cocoanut. Add seasoning to suit the taste. Bake about 20 minutes.

A GOOD LAYER CAKE.—Three eggs; 1 teacupful of sugar; 1 teacupful of sifted flour; 3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter; 4 of water, and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir all well together, and bake in a quick oven.—MRS. C. M. BETTS, Abrams, Wis.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—Take 8 good sized crackers and roll fine; water, molasses and brown sugar of each, 1 cupful; vinegar and butter of each, ½ cupful; chopped raisins, 2 cupfuls; cinnamon, allspice and cloves, of each, 1 small teaspoonful. Bake with two crusts. This will make three round pies.

LIGHT PIE-CRUST.—To 4 cupfuls of flour, take ⅝ of a cupful of lard, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt. Mix with cold water.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cupful molasses; ½ cupful brown sugar; ½ cupful boiling water, filled with butter; 1 teaspoonful soda; ginger to taste. Mix soft and bake in quick oven.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cupfuls of sugar; 1 cupful of butter; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of soda; 2 tablespoonfuls of buttermilk; season with nutmeg. Bake in a quick oven.

WHITE CAKE.—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar; ⅝ cupful of butter; 1 cupful of sweet milk; whites of 4 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; 3 cupfuls of flour. Use lemon for flavoring.—MRS. E. EDDY.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—To Mrs. Jennie Edwards. I had a white dress mildewed very badly once, but removed it by soaking it in buttermilk over night. Rinse well, place on the ground and sprinkle thickly with salt. Repeat the process until all is removed.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—1 cupful of milk; 2 cupfuls of flour; 2 or 3 eggs well beaten; a little salt; 1 teaspoonful of soda; 2 of cream tartar. Bake quickly, and eat with rich sauce.

Cranberry jelly is made the same as any other kind of fruit.—L. E. B.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DENVER, COL.	Clarence Fisher
W G Lumbard jr	Jerrie McDurmans
Angus McDonald	Jerrie Minjorey
Roy Hearty	Calvin Cole
Henry Dewmard	Walter Irland
Walter Sammis	Chas Turner
Clifford Bowser	Wm Yeroy
Herbert B Thompson	Ed Martin
Herbert Thompson	Joe Allen
Willie Dokstater	Ray Blood
Willie Lamping	John McCherney
Harrie Heller	Lee Riseley
Clarence Korner	Pearl Morris
John Stephenson	Barbard Prazak
Willie Decker	Vera Sanford
Ross Collins	Ethel Jackson
Roy Hunter	Edna Thompson
Fred Lenord	Ella Sumers
Lue Smith	Edith Dorman
Ralph Phillips	Mable Backer
Sidney Ladeham	Bessie Stiling
Morril Bryant	Guy Vail
Norman Taris	Orval Harder
Sam Herman	Chas Storm
Walace Griner	Lee Paul
Walter Gorman	Harriet Gerbhart
Percie Lemon	John Cox
Tommie Allen	Harrie Olymins
Chas Allen	Edgie Cofman
Irving Selove	Geo F Diegel
John Thompson	Ben Grun
Harrie Kinsman	Earl Rudell
T DeHarport	RUMELVILLE, IND.
Henry Sumers	Bertha M Wilson
Howard Riley	PENDCOYT, WASHINGTON.
Bertie Cantril	Lila Frizzell
Lee Phillips	Lloyd Frizzell
Willie Clasp	MANKATO, MINN.
Willie Fowler	Jessie Simmons
Frank Jones	Ida Huntley
Edwin Smith	Lottie Huntley
Emil Whrle	LINNEUS, MO.
Eddie Golden	Frank W Cuberly
Lewis Hauso	H L West
Sam Liswick	Laura Casity
Mark Harrison	Ben J Casity
Harold Spearing	Albert Casity
Clarence Meilburn	Wm Triplett
Leroy Sutmart	David Casity
Kennis Madison	Henry Cady
Ralph Sayers	R McGuffin
Earnest Chamberland	Lena Burt
Adamso Rose	Elmer Burt
Charlie Huthe	Almeda Gomo
Walace Griner	Harbert Aldrige
Fred Wyatt	Rosa Mills
Percie Taris	Verner F Cuberly
Eugine Brinker	R H Cuberly
Edward Smith	

Names this week, 112. Total, 28,432

The above embraces all names received up to January 31.

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

This beautiful poem has been going about the country mutilated, and with some of its most beautiful lines omitted. We have obtained from its author a copy of the original, and with her kind permission give it to our readers in full.

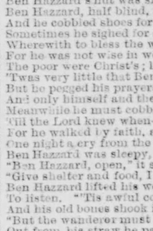
Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore,
The poor were Christ's, he knew no more.
'Twas very little that Ben could do,
But he pegged his prayers in many a shoe,
And only himself and the dear Lord knew.
Meanwhile he must cobble with all his might
'Till the Lord sent him—for 'twas all right—
For he walked by faith, and not by sight.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame—
"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say,
"Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. "'Tis awful cold," he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed,
"But the wanderer must be cold indeed,"
Out from his straw the painful y crept,
And over the frosty floor he stept,
While under the door the snow wreaths swept.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried,
As he opened the door, and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied,
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter sleet.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
"I thought that somebody called, too," he said;
"Some dream or other got into my head;
Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed."
But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup.
Then out from the storm, the wind and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet;
Truly, it was a terrible storm,
Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puzz was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, I implore!
Give me a drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his full-moon face showed great surprise.
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgia pain,
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking his broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, I must have dreamed;"
But nearly like a voice it seemed.
"Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-bone."
He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear:
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come here!"
Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before.
This time, 'tis sure, he could not be deceived;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird,
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And red blood-stain on its snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the bird's head.
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night,
And steadfastly gazing, with great reward,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben with a wondrous smile,
The three guests sleeping all the while,
"Thrice happy is he that biesseth the poor,
The humble and needy, who open his door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold the Master, who waiteth for thee,
Saith: 'Giving to them, thou hast given to me.'"
Then, with heaven's light on his face, "Amen!
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
"Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright;
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told
He had gone up higher to find his gold.
—[Anna P. Marshall, in Congregationalist.

For the Young Folks.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS WHO DID NOT GO TO CHICAGO.

BY L. E. NAY.



COME on, girls, I'm going to be an artist now. Come and get your pictures taken."

This startling announcement was made by Lorena Carter as she sat upon the lawn one July day. Before her was an old chair over which was thrown a black shawl. A stack of picture cards by her were by some hook to be converted into the portraits of her customers.

Emily and Kitty—the two little playmates across the way—heard and obeyed the call.

Kitty was seated at a proper distance from the "make-believe" camera, and after a vast amount of instruction as to being very quiet, raising the chin, closing the mouth, opening the eyes wider and looking straight at the chair took a card was brought from under that black shawl and duly presented as an exact likeness of her.

"That's the bestest picture you have had since we were in Chicago," said Emily.

"Where is Chicago?" inquired Lorena.

"Oh! you just have to get on the train and ride and ride 'till you are awful tired, and then you'll be there," explained Kitten. "But I should like to go again 'cause they have so many pretty things there. There are great big glass stores, full of dolls, and birds, and dogs, and cats, and tops, and oh, everything pretty!"

"That's where I got my big doll and her cab," said Emily. Then, after a moment's thought, added, "Why can't we go to Chicago to-day?"

"Mamma has gone to see grandma, and we couldn't go 'long 'cause she was sick, and Mary would be glad to have us go off. She said so this morning."

"All right! We'll go!" cried Kitty.

"I'll go and ask mamma if I can go, too," called Lorena, as she swiftly ran toward the house.

Mrs. Carter had been sitting by the window sewing, and occasionally watching the little girls at their play on the lawn. So when Lorena came bounding in with the question: "Please, mamma, can't I go to Chicago? Kitty and Emily are going," she supposed it to be only another stretch of the imagination, and answered without hesitation: "Yes; if Kitty and Emily go, you may go, too."

"Well, shouldn't I better have a clean dress and a bonnet?"

"That dress is good enough to go to Chicago. Put on your bonnet, of course."

Just then Mrs. Carter's attention was called to the kitchen and she ceased to watch the children, while Lorena ran to tell with delight how easily the consent she sought had been obtained.

Meanwhile Emily had made an entry into and an exit from their house without being noticed

A TALK BY TALMAGE.

A REVIEW OF HIS EASTERN TRIP.

What He Saw in the Holy Land and the Lofty Feelings Which Filled His Soul as He Gazed Upon Those Places Surrounded by Biblical Associations.

CONSTANTINOPLE, January, 1890.—On leaving America I addressed some words of farewell to my sermon readers, and now, on my way home, I write this letter of salutation which will probably reach you about the Monday that you find me on the Atlantic ocean, from which I cannot reach you with the usual sermon. I have completed the journey of inspection for which I came. Others may write a life of Christ without seeing the Holy Land. I did not feel competent for such a work until I had seen with my own eyes the sacred places, and so I left home and church and native country for a most arduous undertaking. I have visited all the scenery connected with our Lord's history. The whole journey has been to me a surprise, an amazement, a grand rapture or a deep solemnity. I have already sent to America my Holy Land observations for my Life of Christ, and they were written on horseback, on muleback, on camelback, on ship's deck, by dim candle in tent, in mud hovel of Arab village, amid the ruins of old cities, on Mount of Beatitudes, on beach of Genesareth, but it will take twenty years of sermons to tell what I have seen and felt on this journey through Palestine and Syria.

All things have combined to make our tour instructive and advantageous. The Atlantic, and Mediterranean, and Adriatic, and Ægean, and Dardanelles, and Marmora seas have treated us well. Since we left New York we have had but a half day and one night of storm, and that while crossing Mount Hermon. But let only those in robust health attempt to go the length of Palestine and Syria on horseback. I do not think it is because of the unhealth of the climate in the Holy Land that so many have sickened and died here or afterward as a result of visiting these lands, but because of the fatigues of travel. The number of miles gives no indications of the exhaustions of the way. A hundred and fifty miles in Palestine and Syria on horseback demands as much physical strength as four hundred miles on horseback in regions of easy journey.

Because of the near two months of bright moonlight by day and bright moonlight or starlight by night, the half-day of storm was to us the more memorable. It was about noon of December 18 that the tempest struck us and drenched the mountains. One of the horses fails and we halt amid a blinding rain. It is freezing cold. Fingers and feet like ice. Two hours and three-quarters before encampment. We ride on in silence, longing for the terminus of to-day's pilgrimage. It is, through the awful inclemency of the weather, the only dangerous day of the journey. Slip and slide and stumble and climb and descend we must, sometimes on the horse and sometimes off, until at last we halt at the hovel of a village, and instead of entering camp for the night we are glad to find this retreat from the storm. It is a house of one story, built out of mud. My room is covered with a roof of goats' hair. A feeble fire mid-floor, but no chimney. It is the best house in the village. Arabs, young and old, stand around in wonderment as to why we come. There is no window in the room, but two little openings, one over the door, the other in the wall, through which latter opening I occasionally find an Arab face thrust to see how I am progressing. But the door is open, so I have some light. This is an afternoon and night never to be forgotten for its repose and acquaintance with the hardships of what an Arab considers luxurious apartment. I sat that night by a fire the smoke of which, finding no appropriate place of exit, took lodgment in my nostrils and eyes. For the first time in my life I realized that chimneys were a luxury, but not a necessity. The only adornments in this room were representations of two tree branches and an ox on the wall, a circle supposed to mean a star, a bottle hung from the ceiling, and about twelve indentations in the wall to be used as mantels for anything that may be placed there. This storm was not a surprise. Through pessimistic prophets we had expected bad weather, and the season we should have rain and snow and hail throughout our journey. For the most part it has been sunshine and tonic atmosphere, and not a moment has our journey been hindered. Gratitude to God is, with us, the dominant emotion.

Having visited the scenery connected with Christ's life, I was glad to close my journey by passing through the apostolic lands and seas. You can hardly imagine our feelings as we came in sight of Damascus, and on the very road where Saul was unhorsed as the flash of the supernal light. We did not want, like him, to be flung to the earth, but we did hope for some great spiritual blessing, brighter than any noonday sun, and a new preparation for usefulness. Our long horseback ride was ended, for a carriage took us some miles out, and took us to the city. The impression one receives as he rides along the walled gardens of the place are different from those produced by any other city. But we cannot describe our feelings as we entered the city about which we have heard and read so much, the oldest city under the sun, and founded by the grandson of Noah; nor our emotions as we pass through the street called Straight, along which good Ananias went to meet Saul; and by the site of the palace of Naaman, the leper, and saw the river Ataana, as yesterday we saw Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus that Naaman preferred to the waters in Israel. Now for the Strange and unique Damascus! It is worth while to cross the Atlantic and Europe to see it. Though it has been the place of battle and massacre, and of ancient affluence and splendor as well as it is of present prosperity, to me its chief attraction arises from the fact that here the scales fell from Paul's eyes, and that chief of apostles here began that mission which will not end until heaven is peopled with ransomed spirits. So also I saw day before yesterday where John Baptized Jesus, and the trumpets and the waves of the sea dashed to his feet, reminding him of the songs of heaven, "like the voice of many waters."

But this letter can only give a hint of the things we mean to tell you about when we get home, where we expect to be before this month is ended. I baptized by immersion in the Jordan an American whom we met, and who desired the solemn ordinance administered to him in the sacred waters. I rolled down from Mount Cavalry or "place of a skull" a stone for the corner stone of our new Brooklyn Tabernacle. We bathed in the "Dead Sea" and in "Gideon's Fountain," where his three hundred men lapped the water from their hands as they passed through; and we sailed on Lake Galilee and stood on Mount Zion, and Mount Moriah, and Mount Hermon, and I saw the place where the shepherds heard the Christmas anthems the night Christ was born; and have been at Nazareth, and Capernaum, and sat by "Jacob's Well," and saw Tel-el-Kebir of modern battle, and Megiddo of ancient battle, and where the Israelites crossed the desert, and slept at Bethel where one ladder was let down into Jacob's dream, but the night I slept there the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were the angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God ascending and descending; and I was on nearly all the fields of Herodic, and Solomonic, and Davidic, and Mosaic and Abrahamic history. I took Rome, and Naples, and Alexandria and Cairo on the way out, and take the Greek Archipelago, and Constantinople and Vienna on the way back. What more can God in his goodness grant me in the way of valuable discovery, and classic association and spiritual opportunity? Ah, yes! I can think of something gladder than that he can grant me. Safe return to the people of my beloved flock, the field of my work, and the land where my fathers died, and in the dust of whose valleys I pray God I may be buried.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

A Seizure Case Settled at the Cost of the Brewery.

An interesting beer case came up in the District court at Burlington, Iowa, on January 30, it being the replevin suit of a St. Louis brewing firm against Sheriff Fullerton. The suit grew out of the seizure last summer of several carloads of beer consigned by the brewing company to parties in this city.

After the seizure the brewing company brought suit to replevin the property and on giving bond the court ordered the beer turned over to the consignees. After the impaneling of a jury the case was dismissed, the costs to be paid by the brewing company, the company thus saving the difference between such costs and the value of the beer. Several similar suits are pending and will probably result in the same way.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

To Preserve Cedar Anchor Posts.

Subscriber, Everly, Iowa: There are several processes by which wood is treated to make it more lasting, three of which are here given: 1. With every 25 gallons of water, mix 5 pounds of chloride of zinc. 2 Steep the wood in a solution of copperas. 3. Force into the pores of well seasoned wood as much carbolic acid as possible. Some persons recommend placing the butts of posts in fire until they are slightly charred on the outside. The trouble with this is, that it is a laborious work where many posts are to be treated, and there is danger of burning them too much.

Has Forty Hens and Gets But Five to Twelve Eggs Per Day.

M. W. A., Toledo, O.: You say you feed two quarts of wheat and oats mixed, in the morning, and two quarts of cracked corn in the evening, and soft feed about every other day. Now this is not a bad bill of fare for young fowls, and yet it may be improved upon. That which fowls need in the way of food is a variety—soft food in the morning, once a day in the winter time is good. It should not be too rich. Give bran and middlings mixed, with vegetables chopped up in it. Also put scraps from the table—a little meat, bread, in fact almost anything that would otherwise go to waste. Stir it up well with water, and heat it well on the stove. Then let it cool so that it will be just a little warm. Make it pasty, for sloppy soft feed is a source of roup. Reduce the corn for a week or two unless the weather is pretty cold. Corn is very fattening, and fat hens are poor layers. Warm quarters are necessary for hens to lay well in winter time in addition to a variety of food. Chop clover hay and soak it in water until it swells. It should be only well dampened. They will eat it greedily. Give them bones broken fine or old lime from walls, small pebbles, coarse sand, or anything that will enable them to properly grind their food. All grain should be thrown on straw or chaff, so that the fowls will earn their food by scratching for it. Never give them more than they will clean up thoroughly. It is better to give barely sufficient than too much. Keep the house scrupulously clean, and the nests from being much exposed. If you raise the small breeds, market the hens after they have reached the age of 17 months. Some will do well beyond this, but, as a rule, after being forced on eggs for that length of time they have done their best. Some of the other breeds—Plymouth Rocks, Brahmas, Langshans, Dominiques, Partridge Cochins, and some others, will produce well beyond the time named, but after two years they had better be marketed. A good rule is to keep a hen only so long as she lays well under proper care and feeding. Mr. Rankin says, speaking of the Brahma: "It is my practice to kill all the males as broilers, and keep the females until they have laid a year, then dispose of them." This is a good rule for all the heavier fowls, yet some of them do well beyond this. If your fowls are of age beyond that named above, to this you may, perhaps, trace the cause of their not laying as many eggs as you expect. The great reason why so many people fail in raising fowls for eggs, is that they continually over-feed them, or do not give them proper food and care. They, in the first place, treat them in a "hand-box" manner—that is, they keep them in houses away from the sunshine, and feed them on the richest of food; and secondly, they forget a very essential thing, and that is, to give them plenty of vetegables and grass. Fowls should have good range, permitted to enjoy the sunshine when it is not too cold to freeze their combs, and should be made to rough it by scratching for their grain. Give an abundance of dust for them to dust themselves in, clear, fresh water to drink, plenty of broken bones, old crockery, pebbles, coarse sand to grind their food, clean nests, not too much exposed, and a variety of food, not too much, and if there is any lay in them they will reward you with eggs if they are not too old. A thing that has a very injurious effect on fowls is to feed too much cayenne, and too much red or black pepper. A little of this in soft feed in winter time is good, but too much of it overstimulates, and the result is bad. As to the best winter layers, the Brahma has a high reputation. As to the best breed for broilers, the Leghorn matures very early, although some prefer the Cochin. The common Leghorn is early ripe, keeps pretty well along with other breeds in weight. As to the best mode of feeding fowls for market. For fattening fowls, in three weeks the process should be completed. The best food in the opinion of the French, where raising fowls for markets is a science, is building wheat in buckwheat meal. Start in three weeks before marketing, and feed this, varying once every third day by giving a full meal of corn. Also give sufficient green food to keep the system cool and the bowels free. Buckwheat meal is a good thing to induce egg production, if not fed more than once every three or four days.

The Silk Worm—Its Habits—How to Raise It.

G. M., Tingley, Iowa: The secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, has just received from Europe a consignment of choice silk-worm eggs, which he will distribute gratuitously to all persons who desire to raise silk-worms, and who have so signified their wish to him as to satisfactorily. He will also be able to furnish books of instruction in silk culture before the sericulture season opens. For three seasons he has been purchasing cocoons from American silk growers at an average price of 90 cents per pound, and wishes a still further supply with which to continue the experiments now being made at Washington in the reeling of the silk from the cocoons. All, therefore, who seek a market for their cocoons, or who wish silk-worm eggs, or books of instruction or information of any sort in relation to the industry can obtain the same upon application to Hon. J. M. Rusk, secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C. Write to him and you will get such information as you wish.

Canker in Fowls.

E. A. L., McFarland, Kansas: Your fowls are troubled with the above named disease. First remove all sick fowls from the remainder of the flock. Then give the sick ones each a teaspoonful of castor oil, and dust their throat and tongue with powdered sulphate of potash, 1 oz; powdered ammon. ferric alum, ½ oz., or it may be liquified and a small mop used to wash out their throats and tongues, or powdered alum alone is good if first burnt. Wash the nostrils with kerosene oil. This may be done by injecting with a sewing machine oil can. Put a teaspoonful of tincture of iron in a quart of water, and let the fowls drink as much as they want. The water should be fresh. Give a fair proportion of green food, and see to it that their feed is clean and free from mouldiness.

Diarrhea in Fowls.

H. A. S., Cotubus, Mo.: The first thing to do will be to clean up all droppings in the poultry house, sprinkle the house with carbolic acid and water, in the proportion of one ounce of acid to one gallon of water. Remove all sick fowls from the remainder of the flock. Treat the sick as follows: Give each sick fowl a pill containing five grains of chalk, five grains of rhubarb, three grains of cayenne and one-half grain opium. Give each fowl a pill every day. It will be well for you to give a tonic, either the Douglas mixture or a teaspoonful of tincture of iron, in a quart of clear water, or if your flock is small, less will do. This should be given to the sick fowls every day, and to the well ones three times a week until all symptoms of diarrhea have passed.

Worms in Horses and Colts.

J. H. A., Lansing, Mich.: A good remedy for pin worms is, liquor of perchloride of iron, 2 ozs.; freshly made lime water, 1 quart. Mix and give as an injection, after you have cleaned out the rectum with an ordinary soap and water injection. Another remedy is, inject up the rectum every other day for a week, this: Common salt, ½ oz.; carbolic acid, ½ drachm; water, 1 pint. Whatever injection may be given, a purgative should also be administered, as, sulphate of iron, ¼ oz.; aloes, 2½ drachms. For other worms, give a full grown animal, calomel, 1 drachm; tartar emetic, ½ drachm; linseed oil, 1 oz.; tenuqreek, 1 oz. Mix and give in feed at night, and repeat the dose two or three times, and follow with 1½ pints of raw linseed oil about six hours after the last powder has been given. Worms cause a rough coat on the animal, and he gets out of order. Your colt might lose some hair without being anything unusual, but if he is shedding his coat and is in bad shape generally, it is not natural. In case of worms residing in a horse or colt and medicine is given to expel them, to give the system tone and the coat a natural look, ½ oz. of Fowler's solution of arsenic once a day for a week is proper.

Horse Lame in Left Shoulder.

C. E. E., Dixon, Wyoming: The first thing to be done in shoulder lameness is to reduce the inflammation. To do this the part should be fomented with warm water for two days, or the following applied: Spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; vinegar, 4 ozs.; water, 1 pint. After this rub around the muscles of the shoulder joint, red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. Apply in the evening and wash off the next evening with warm water and soap. Then apply again, and keep this up for a week. Heal with lard. It may be necessary to repeat after two weeks time. Before rubbing with the mercury and lard, give a cathartic of aloes, 3 drachms; bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz.; in a pint of warm water. The animal should have absolute rest for six weeks. Be certain that the lameness is in shoulder. Examine feet for corns, or other trouble, also legs for splints and tendons for soreness or weakness.

Inflammation in "Sex Organ" of Mare.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER, Howard City, Michigan: The trouble of which you speak may result from more than one cause. Ulcers, over strain while delivering colt. You are not explicit as to the nature of the inflammation. It may be in the vagina or uterus. Has the mare recently foaled, and what have been your observations regarding the case? In the absence of full particulars, you are advised to make linseed tea or slippery elm bark mucilage. In this put a drachm of sugar of lead to the pint and inject it into the part affected. If there is a fetid or foul discharge, use sulphate of zinc instead of the lead. If this does not do, consult a veterinary who will make an examination. An examination would show just what is the matter, and proper remedies may then be applied.

The Hatchet Remedy.

T. S., Bancroft, Missouri: The hatchet remedy, recommended by Mrs. S. A. Desmond, King City, Missouri, is simply to take a hatchet and cut the fowl's head off. This is, in fact, the best way to treat cholera in fowls. As soon as you see a sick fowl remove it from the remainder of the flock, and if convinced that it has cholera, kill it and bury it deeply in the ground. This will prevent the disease spreading.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Osage Plants.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Some time ago some one asked how to raise osage orange plants. The best way to raise for fence is to gather the "oranges," put them in a heap, let them rot, mash them up, plant them in corn planting time, quip and all, where you want the fence to stand. Keep the weeds down. Do not hoe or cultivate from the seed stors as they get too dry. Tell garlic enquirer, (Pennsylvania) to put in a flock of sheep.—C. I. R., Green Valley, Ills.

The Borer.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing many inquiries in THE BLADE about how to get rid of the apple borer, there is one way that is a success. Take screen wire and cut in strips to reach around your trees, let it be loose enough to give the tree two years' growth; put two inches under ground and let run up to limbs and tie with broom wire, and no borers or rabbits can harm them, and the work is done for two years. Will some one please tell through THE BLADE how to graft plum and cherry trees so as not to sprout?—R. C. HUNTER, Maitland, Mo.

Would Like to Ask.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would like to ask John R. McLeod (in last week's BLADE) what he raises to feed his chickens, corn or oats; how often he feeds them, and what breeds of chickens he keeps? Would be pleased, also, if Mrs. C. L. Milspaw, Ellington, N. Y., will explain how she cleared $80 last year and $140 this year from her poultry, and give reasons for failure last time.—MRS. E. S. SMITH, North Manchester, Ind.

More About the Borer.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to O. J. Markham, I will say in regard to setting out apple trees. Mr. H. Mussen, of Blaine, Mo., has a very good system excepting one thing, the distance he sets his trees apart. Apple trees should always be set not less than 35 feet apart each way; and my experience in purchasing trees and getting trees that are raised in Missouri is near like the climate where they are to be sent to. I find that trees raised in York state do better in Michigan than trees raised in warmer climates, and in my estimation I think that trees set out in the fall of the year do better than when set out in the spring.—T. J. SNOW, Charlotte, Mich.

Clover in Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one please answer when would be the best time to sow clover in the corn on black swamp land. The land is well ditched, and has been in corn for the last two years. Wheat will not stick, and I want to sow it in clover for pasture. Will some one answer soon?—JOHN TRIMBLE, Darlington, Ind.

To Sprout Grape Vines.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In THE BLADE I saw where some one wanted to know how to sprout grape vines. The way I do, I cut slips off my grape vines, three eyes to a slip, dig a trench one foot deep on the north side of building where you will hold dampness in dry weather. I take my slips and stick them in the trench slanting, in the spring, and let them remain one year, and cover them with straw. The roots will start before the eye starts above the ground. Only stick two eyes in the ground and one out; that makes the roots stronger than the top. Under this plan of sprouting I have all I want for my own use, and of different kinds, and give a good many to my neighbors.—J. H. TRIMBLE, Darlington, Indiana.

Turkey Raising.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Since my letter about turkey raising, I have been receiving letters every day asking advice, etc. Let me say to all that so much is there of it, I cannot decline to write so many personal letters, as my time is limited, and will give a few general hints, answering some of the questions asked me. In the first place a good deal depends on the kind of stock you keep. We like the bronze best for several reasons: First, because the eggs are almost sure to hatch; second, they are so hardy, that one can raise them as readily as chickens, provided you know how to proceed; for instance, out of 50 eggs 45 were hatched, and out of 60 young turkeys 40 young ones were raised. Then when one comes to take them to market they invariably take well, and bring one cent per pound more than the common breeds, because they are of such a bright, golden color. And then when one wishes to cook one, they make a meal "fit for the gods," as I know from experience. And then when one wishes to sell them live weight, they are so handsome and large that buyers are glad to get them, and give one cent per pound more. That was the way we sold ours last fall, and got the advance in price. And then who would not rather sell large than small ones anyway? We sold over so many that weighed over 20 pounds, and one that brought the scales down to 24 at six and one-half months old. Several hens brought us $1.30 apiece, live weight. If you wish to start in the poultry business, get the best stock you can. But you will find it extremely difficult to buy turkey eggs to set unless you send to the poultry houses, and then there will be some difficulty in getting good eggs. I will repeat the advice given me by a lady, after looking all over trying to get eggs to set. She said, if you want to raise turkeys you should buy a pair in the fall. That is the best, and, in my opinion, the only way, as those that raise them keep a few hens just to get what eggs they want to set themselves. We would not sell the eggs for what you want to give. Now a few words about raising them. They always commence to lay about April 1. They will make their nests in the barns as with other hens, unless you have made the mistake I mentioned in my other paper, which was this: We kept too many hens, and as soon as they commenced lay they flocked to the woods, all except three or four. Of course their eggs become chilled, and some that did hatch had only three or four, while those at home were watched, and nearly all hatched that were set. While there was a loss of not only eggs but of hens, some of which we have never heard of since. Since others have told us that that had been their experience, that more turkeys were raised, as a rule, from four or five hens, than from a dozen.

But to return again to the egg gathering: You should be particular to get them every day, bring them in and put them in a pan that has a woolen cloth in the bottom to prevent dampness. They should be turned every day. Then, when your turkey has laid 30 or 40 eggs you may set her. She will cover 25 easily, if she is large. I guess I will tell you about how to care for the young in another paper, for our editor's patience must be severely taxed by this time.—MRS. C. L. MILSPAW, Ellington, N. Y.

Disposal of Farm Products.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in papers where there is an agricultural department the best methods to produce this and cultivate that. That is all very well, in my opinion, but I say, wake up, farmers, to our duty, and let us consider some plan in which we can dispose of our produce in some other way than if it were a lot of bankrupt stock of goods on our hands, and we must accept just what price the middlemen see fit to offer. We are now selling beef at 4c per pound; the middleman sells it for 10c to 16c per pound. How is that for combination? I am not in favor of trusts or combines, but would like to see some protection for the farmer. Any practical farmer knows that he is not getting 4 per cent on the money invested, and no pay for the labor of himself and family.

Must we sit still and endure all this? I say no. Wake up, farmers, to a sense of duty—a duty that you owe to your children. We do not want them to walk in the same path we have walked in all our lives. We want protection, and I say leave off this system of working, each one for himself, and the d—l for us all! That kind of a system will bankrupt all of us in time. If any of my farmer friends can write anything on the subject of protection, I say go ahead with this good work and scatter it through the United States and Europe if you please.—EUGENE GORHAM, Frankfort, N. Y.

Sorghum.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Would like to have some persons who have had experience in raising sorghum give us the benefit of their experience through the BLADE FARM What kind is best adapted to Michigan climate, where to get the seed, how much to plant per acre, the price per gallon for having it manufactured, what time to plant, what kind matures quickest, etc.—MICHIGAN FARMER.

Mr. Potts Speaks Again.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—There, what did I tell you! I kicked, kicked hard, and have secured for the many readers of this paper the desired boon asked for poultry department, and the editor in THE BLADE, January 16, says: "A fair amount of space will be devoted to poultry each week;" ain't this grand news? Are you pleased with my efforts in securing the desired end? Why not? Are the readers of the grand and glorious old BLADE not as much entitled to it hearing as such other papers as the *Prairie Farmer, Coleman's Rural World*, and others? Certainly we are. Why, just the other day, I received a letter from a lady in which she says we were about to stop THE BLADE and take some other paper for this reason alone. She said she could not afford to take two papers, and, while she liked THE BLADE, she wanted a paper that contained a poultry department. But I think she will now continue taking it—won't you, my friend? that's right; stand by the old BLADE and you will come safely through.

Now that we actually have a poultry department in this paper it will fall to its readers to make it spicy and interesting. You cannot except the editor to furnish all the material for us to read and profit by. No, sir, we must do it ourselves. So let each one of us try and furnish a short article each week for this department, something of interest to each one of us; something that we know not; something that we have read in some other book or paper, for there is too much of that now in print, but something actual. If one of your fowls have something wrong with it and you have cured it, tell us just how it acted and how you treated it; if you have succeeded in making your fowls lay through the winter well, tell us how you managed to do so, and perhaps some unfortunate reader who has only received seven eggs per month from 30 hens during December and January will see how he missed it. If you have good luck with your young chicks let us know how you did it? Did you feed them hard-boiled eggs, corn bread, raw meal, bran, wheat, etc., which proved the best food? Did you find that they do better with 20 or 30 chicks with each hen or 10? Do you use an incubator or not, and which kind and what luck, if you have? Did you use a brooder and what success, and was the incubator and brooder of your own make, and tell us how you made it? One suggestion might be worth a great many dollars to one single reader, and why not give that reader the benefit of your experience? I see that several have answered and complied with my request in a most excellent manner written a short article for the department. Now keep on and give us the benefit of your experience. We need it, don't we? Is there one reader who knows all about the poultry business that he cares to? We learn new things about it every day, and will continue to do so. I see that several have asked which are the best fowls for all purposes. I will say that the following breeds are good general purpose fowls and each have their particular merit.

Barred Plymouth rock—good size; yellow skin legs and beak, tall comb, high flyers, medium good layers, good setters and mothers, neat build.

Silver Wyandottes—Good size, low rose comb, will stand cold weather in colder climate, nice yellow skin, legs and beak, nice plumage, will not fly over four-foot fence, content in small yard, splendid winter layers, good mothers, but not persistent setters; splendid table fowls.

Light Brahmas—Large bodies, low combs, yellow skin and legs, good winter layers, good mothers, can not fly over a three-foot fence, will not range where, the most stately fowl that grows; good table fowl, chicks very hardy.

Langshans—The same as light Brahmas, except color; have white skin, good layers—begin laying at five months of age, tall comb, can fly well, content in small yard, can fly well, chicks very hardy.

I think you can select a variety from these that will please you. I like them all the best, but I believe the Plymouth Rock ranks first now, with the Wyandotte close on their heels. Well, I believe I promised to give a report of the favorite varieties of poultry of those who have sent to me for sunflower seeds. Below you will find a report up to date, with the number of persons favoring each variety set opposite its name: Barred Plymouth Rocks, 350; White Plouth Rocks, 25; Golden Wyandottes, 5; Silver Wyandottes, 175; White Wyandottes, 15; Brown Leghorns, 120; White Leghorns, 72; Light Brahmas, 184; W. T. B. Spanish, 26; Houdons, 5; Dorkings, 5; Silver Spangled Hamburgs, 5; Lanashans, 49; Bronze Turkeys, 2; W. Crested W. Polands, 12; Golden Pheasants, 2; Black Cochins, 1; Buff Cochins, 2; Pale Cochins, 3—total, 1,048. You will see that the Barred Plymouth Rocks are away ahead; they have a national reputation, without doubt. Now nearly every person has signified his or her desire to have a poultry department in THE BLADE, and I must say all parts of the United States will be represented, for if there is more than one circulates all over Uncle Sam's dominion, it is THE BLADE, from Florida to Maine, and from Maine to California, and they all like it. I answer you that you have a band of interesting readers. When I offered a package of seed to your readers by them paying the postage, I looked for only one or two hundred replies, but I was astonished, and while it has taken up considerable of my time complying with their requests, I do it willingly, for they all seemed so anxious to get it. I will say the seed is about gone, but while it lasts you are welcome to it. All I want is enough for this year's planting, and will say if there are any who still want a start of the genuine mammoth Russian sunflower seed, just send me two postage stamps for postage and I will send you enough to get a start, and all I ask of you is to divide among your neighbors next year. It is the best egg producing food known, and keeps fowls healthy. Now with a few suggestions for spring and I will close. It will soon be time to purchase your eggs for spring setting, which you should not neglect. Have your hen ready before you get the eggs, for eggs will grow stale if those hens are not set for 24 hours before placing under the hen, and they will hatch better, as they will become better settled. Do not buy eggs because they are cheap, but pay a good price and you will never regret it. In two weeks I will visit you again with something that I hope will interest you, and will thank the editor very kindly for granting me this request, and hope that we will never regret it. Now come, brother and sister fanciers and poultry readers and let us make the poultry department of the BLADE second to none. We can do it if you all will lend a hand.—F. H. PETTS, Warsaw, Missouri.

"Catches His Custom."

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see that quite a number of THE BLADE readers are urging a poultry department, which we also believe is the right thing to be done, and "catches my custom." When a boy at home on my father's farm, I well remember the motly flock that we raised—there were the frizzled and the unfrizzled, the quicken and the shanghai, there were chickens large and chickens small, chickens everywhere, no particular breed and no system whatever. The same is seen to-day everywhere through the country. While every other kind of stock is being cared for the fowl is permitted to roam and multiply at will, no attention whatever being paid to the kind or quality.

Cocks and hens are permitted to remain on the farm until they die of old age. Such methods are wrong, are easily remedied, and should be.

No class of persons have a better chance to "spread" themselves at poultry raising than the farmer. The first thing necessary in poultry raising on the farm is to make your store-houses, bins and granaries "chicken-proof," so that your poultry may not destroy more than they eat. And next procure a "breed," that is, select some kind that you fancy and can take pride in raising, cull close, avoid in-and-in breeding as much as possible, and in a few years you will be surprised and delighted with your flock. I have a kind, and think I have the prettiest chickens in Northwestern Ohio; while my neighbors have other kinds and no doubt think equally well of theirs. In the last ten years I have handled a number of kinds, and will say that there is not near so much in the kind as in the keeping. The number of pounds of eggs laid in a year by the different breeds will not differ so widely as some suppose, all things being equal. Therefore I say, take the kind you like and pay no attention to what your neighbor has. Breed them as pure as possible and you will soon have chickens to be proud of. I have raised chickens both in town and country, and from experience would say raise one kind, unless you have plenty of time to devote to them. I have a croup and cholera remedy that I can recommend that surpasses all others that I have ever tried, and they are not a few. It is composed of matchet and spade.

The hatchet to kill, and the spade to cover—and don't stop with the spade when you have buried the dead, but use it when you have a spare moment, turn up the fresh ground in every nook and corner, wherever your chickens run most. Feed a variety of good, wholesome food, plenty of clean fresh water; destroy vermin by the liberal use of coal oil and lard; keep your houses clean, dry and warm, and disease will leave your premises.

Do not imagine, when you go into the poultry business, that you must also start a drug store.

I have my opinion of a person who will spend 50 cents to cure a 30 cent chicken; but do not understand me as condemning preventives and remedies for certain diseases and at certain stages of disease. But there is a time when the hatchet and spade must be used to insure success. It took me about as long as any one else to learn that fact, but you will "get there" if you give the matter your undivided attention. I have statistics on the drug store plan of raising chickens, which may be interesting whether profitable or not, which I may give at another time.—SHANGHAI, Ada, Ohio.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Deliberations of the Two Houses for the week.

JANUARY 28.—In the Senate, a number of memorials were presented and referred. Bill introduced: Authorizing the issue of treasury notes on deposits of silver bullion. Bills passed: To relieve the treasurer of the United States from amount now charged to him and depositing with the several states; to credit and pay to the several states and territories and the District of Columbia all moneys collected under the direct tax of 1861; to aid Colorado in supporting a school of mining.

In the House, the following bills were introduced: For establishment of an Indian industrial school; setting apart certain land for propagation of buffalo. Bills passed: Providing for certain changes in testimony in pension cases.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—A bill was introduced for the erection of a monument to Abraham Lincoln on the Gettysburg battle-field. Referred.

Mr. Ingalls offered a long preamble and resolution as to debts due by Southern states, on Indian trust funds and on the direct tax of 1861. The resolution directs the secretary of the treasury to furnish the Senate with full information on the subject. Agreed to.

Mr. Frye presented a memorial asking material aid for a structure at Philadelphia commemorating the great events of the first century of national life. Referred.

Mr. Mitchell addressed the Senate on the bill for the free coinage of silver. It was, he said, a subject involving a contention (in the main) between the rich and the poor, between the creditor class and the debtor class. It involved a gigantic effort for perhaps the term "conspiracy" might not be inappropriate) on the part of a special class and its allies to depress values in order that the price of the products of labor might be lessened and gold coin might be increased in value and their power of absorption augmented. The pending bill (he said) was not a demand for the issue of an unlimited supply of money, and all agreed that such policy would be unjustifiable. It was a bill, however, to provide for a sufficient amount of circulating medium by which to meet the largely increased and largely increasing business of the country, and to check the alarming decline in the value of farms, farm products and other commodities. The question was whether the double standard of money should be re-established, or whether gold should continue alone to be the monetary standard. Was the financial ship of America to sail only in the wake of the golden tramps of Great Britain?

Mr. Mitchell went on to argue that the only way to restore and secure national prosperity was to provide by law for the free and unlimited coinage of silver bullion into standard silver dollars of the present weight and fineness, and to give to the coinage the debt-paying functions of legal tender, of course with proper restrictions to protect the mints from imposition; and also to provide for the issue of legal-tender certificates based on the silver coinage.

The Windom bill, as it now stood, he regarded as fatally defective. With slight amendments, however, that proposition stood before the nation as a measure in the line of right direction. The free and unlimited coinage of silver stood first.

In the House the day was taken up in discussing Speaker Reed's ruling on what constituted a quorum.

JANUARY 30.—In the Senate the following bills passed: To collect information about home mortgages in Nebraska; as to duty on silk ribbons. Senator Wade Hampton addressed Senate on Butler bill to provide for emigration of negroes.

In the House, the day was spent in a noisy parliamentary wrangle over the question of counting members present, but not voting, as a part of a quorum.

FEBRUARY, 31.—No business of importance was transacted in the Senate, and the filibustering in the House continued all day—a full account being given elsewhere.

FEBRUARY 1.—The Senate was not in session. In the House, the session was more orderly; the Democrats continued their protest, but the journal was approved, and the contested election case of Smith vs. Jackson, from the Fourth West Virginia district, taken up. Mr. Creamer spoke at length, followed by Mr. O'Ferrall. It was finally agreed to give three hours to each side for debate and then take a vote. At 6:30 p. m. the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The Senate adjourned immediately on receipt of the news of the sad calamity at home of Secretary Tracy.

In the House much time was wasted by the Democrats in trying to obstruct legislation, but finally, after four hours' debate, the Republicans let the Smith-Jackson West Virginia contest case, was seated by a vote of 160 to none; a quorum of Republicans voted.

BOURBON FILIBUSTERING.

The Exciting Scenes of Last Week in the House.

The galleries in the House were crowded to their utmost capacity long before noon on Jan. 30, by spectators anticipating a renewal of the contest began the previous day. Nor were they disappointed, for as the clerk read the journal in the usual manner, omitting the detailed vote by yeas and nays on the question of consideration of the contested election case, Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, rose and demanded the reading of the full vote.

After a moment's hesitation, the speaker directed this to be done. This having been completed, Mr. Breckenridge demanded the reading of the names of those who voted in the affirmative. Mr. Thompson's vote was 162 yeas and none in the negative, and declared that the motion to lay the appeal on the table was carried.

There were shouts of "No quorum!" and exclamations of indignation on the Democratic side; but in the midst of the tumult and uproar, the speaker recognized Mr. McKinley for a motion to adjourn, put it, and declared it carried; but before he left the chair—amid shouts of "Shame!" from the excited Democrats—he paused long enough to give Mr. Springer a chance to say that he demanded the ayes and nays. The speaker said he had heard no request for the yeas and nays; but if the gentleman from Illinois said that he rose in his place and demanded them the speaker would recognize the demand. And so Mr. Springer had the poor satisfaction of having the yeas and nays called, with the result—yeas, 194; nays, 57.

Friday's Proceedings.

That the public at large understood the contest in the House was not ended by yesThursday's Republican victory, was made manifest by attendance at the galleries, on Friday. Half an hour before noon every nook and cranny was filled with spectators, and the corridors, outside the gallery doors, were crowded with expectant throngs, patiently awaiting an opportunity to be admitted.

On the floor, there was an air of subdued excitement, especially on the Democratic side, where Mr. Carlisle was surrounded by a number of the leading members of his party, consulting as to the course to be pursued.

The clerk, proceeding in the usual manner, to read the abridged journal, (omitting the detailed vote), Mr. Bland, of Missouri, demanded the reading of the document in full, and this was ordered by the speaker.

The clerk was proceeding to read from the *Record* the detailed votes of Thursday, when Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, objected, and demanded that the reading should be from the original document.

The Speaker said that the clerk was reading from the *Record* as a matter of convenience, but if the gentleman objected, he might have his way, and he instructed the clerk accordingly.

The reading of the journal was not completed until 12:50; and immediately Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, moved that the journal be approved, and on that motion demanded the previous question.

Mr. Springer interjected a motion to adjourn, stating that he did so, to enable the committee on rules to bring in a code of rules.

The Speaker—The gentleman is not in order in speaking on a motion to adjourn.

Mr. Springer—"There are no rules for the House."

The Speaker—"There are rules for the House."

Mr. Springer—"Where are they?"

The Speaker—"The rules that govern parliamentary assemblies; and those rules distinctly declare that a motion to adjourn is not debatable, of which the gentleman is perfectly aware."

The motion to adjourn was lost—yeas 135, nays 162; and the question recurring in the demand for the previous question, the yeas and nays were ordered. The Democrats again pursued their policy of not voting, and the speaker once more pursued his method of jotting down the names of members present and not voting.

The vote having been taken, the speaker directed the clerk to enter on the journal the names of several members present but not voting.

Mr. Bland immediately arose and demanded that the vote be announced before the names were read, but the speaker calmly ignored him, and proceeded to call the names; notwithstanding Mr. Bland's vigorous protest, in which he declared that the speaker

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Latest List Sent in by the President.

The President, on Jan. 29, sent to the Senate the nomination of B. K. Bruce, of the District of Columbia, to be recorder of deeds in the District of Columbia.

The President, on Jan. 30, appointed William H. Taft, of Ohio, solicitor-general.

Other nominations were:

State—Robert Adams, jr., of Pennsylvania, now accredited envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the empire of Brazil, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States of Brazil.

CENSUS SUPERVISORS.

The Appointees Selected During the Past Week.

Interior—Thomas M. Beer, to be supervisor of census for the 6th district of Ohio.

Pennsylvania—Robt. Q. Patterson, Uniontown; Charles S. W. Jones, Tyrone; John S. Weaver, Mechanicsburg. Ohio—Wm. H. Mellinger, Lectonia; Newton C. Clyde, Troy. Michigan—Franklin Moore, St. Clair; Byron Ballou, Cadillac; Franklin Wells, Constantine; James N. Chappell, Morenci.

PUBLIC DEBT.

Regular Monthly Statement of the National Finances.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement for January, 1890:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$117,969,400.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	622,248,400.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	109,650.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad issues at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	$818,950,962.00
Interest	5,067,226.00
Total	$824,018,188.00

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,841,345.00
Interest	151,118.00
Total	$ 1,992,463.00

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.00
Certificates of deposit	11,630,000.00
Gold certificates	138,657,169.00
Silver certificates	281,331,771.00
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,914,132.00
Principal	785,270,580.00

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,606,062,838.00
Interest	5,218,345.00
Total balance	1,611,281,183.00
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	438,679,967.00
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$538,679,967.00
Total debt—less available cash items	1,072,601,216.00
Net cash in the treasury	31,894,200.00
Debt less cash in the treasury Feb. 1, 1890	1,040,707,016.00
Debt less cash in the treasury Jan. 1, 1890	1,052,952,911.00
Decrease of debt during the month	$ 12,245,895.00
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1889	35,939,605.00

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$138,657,167.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	284,331,771.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	11,630,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	7,059,690.00
Fractional currency	1,336.00
Total available for reduction of the debt	438,679,966.00

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$100,000,000.00

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 22,506,503.00
Minor coin	177,396.00
Total	$ 22,683,899.00
Certificates held as cash	23,799,988.00
Net cash balance on hand	31,894,200.00
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$617,055,053.00

A BLOW AT MORMONISM.

Supreme Court Decision on the Idaho Test Oath Case.

The Supreme court of the United States on February 3, rendered an opinion affirming the constitutionality of the Edmunds-Tucker Idaho test oath, intended to prevent Mormons from voting. The case came up on an application for a writ of habeas corpus, made by Samuel D. Davis, who is in jail in Idaho, having been sentenced for unlawfully taking the prescribed test oath when he was a member of the Mormon church.

The court denies the application for a writ of habeas corpus, holding that polygamy is a crime and that the constitutional provision guaranteeing freedom of religion is not intended to prevent punishment of any person who in the name of religion commits a crime in the eyes of the law.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

President Harrison Has Recognized the U. S. of Brazil.

The formal recognition of the United States of Brazil by this government was completed on January 29, afternoon, when the President received the credentials of Senhor J. G. De Amaral Valente, the new minister accredited by the Provisional government, and also the credentials of Senhor Salvador Mendonca, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary on a special mission to the United States.

The World's Fair Committee Discuss the Bill's Chances of Passage.

A meeting of the House committee on the world's fair was held on February 3. It was intended to finish the world's fair bill, ten sections of which had been completed at previous meetings. The members of the committee, however, were slow in getting together and some of them had pressing engagements that called them to other committees, so that it was difficult to get the members all together at one time. The meeting, therefore, assumed merely an informal character, and a discussion, relating mostly to the chances of the bill getting through the House while that body is proceeding without rules, was indulged in at some length.

It is understood that the opinion was expressed that the chances were very precarious for the bill getting through while the house was in its present condition. No attempt was made to discuss the uncompleted sections of the bill and this work was left for a future meeting.

Fair to the Men Who Fought.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered a decision in the case of Daniel A. Wood, late of Co. K., First West Virginia Infantry, in which the former adverse action of the pension bureau is reversed and the claim for increase and re-rating of pension is allowed. Upon the report of the examining surgeons, the commissioner of pensions allowed only $30 per month on the ground that the condition described by the surgeon is not considered permanent. The assistant secretary referring to this action says:

"When does a disability become permanent? From recent testimony it appears that the pensioner's condition has not ameliorated since his last examination. He has been on his back for two years. How many more years must he lie there before the doctors can decide that the disability is permanent?"

Spooner's Bill.

The Senate committee on Jan. 29, instructed Senator Cullom to report favorably with a slight amendment, intended to define more clearly the powers of the commission, the bill introduced by Senator Spooner to confer upon the Interstate Commerce commission authority to regulate telegraphic commerce between the several states.

An Excellent Idea.

The sub-committee on bridges was directed to formulate a general bill to authorize the secretary of War to grant to persons and corporations the right to construct bridges over navigable streams, with a view to relieving Congress of a large number of the measures which yearly fill up the calendars.

Call for Deposits.

Secretary Windom, on Jan. 29, issued a second call to national banks for the surrender on or before March 1, of ten per cent of their public deposits.

SECRETARY TRACY'S SORROW.

His Wife and Daughter Burned to Death —His Narrow Escape.

Mrs. Tracy, wife of Secretary Tracy, Miss Tracy, his youngest daughter, and Josephine, a French maid, as a result of a fire in Secretary Tracy's house on Monday morning, Feb. 3, now lie dead.

Mrs. Wilmerding, the eldest daughter of Secretary Tracy, is in a semi-conscious condition, suffering from a sprained wrist and soreness.

Miss Alice Wilmerding, 13 years of age, Secretary Tracy's granddaughter, is suffering from nervous prostration and shock.

It was about 7 o'clock in the morning when flames were seen issuing from the windows and roof of Secretary Tracy's handsome residence, No. 1634 I street, northwest. The neighborhood had not yet awakened, and all around was still. Within the residence not a sound was heard except the crackling of the flames as with great tongues of fire they came out of the windows on the top floor.

Soon the front door of the mansion was opened and two male servants were seen to emerge and run for their lives. Figures robed in white then appeared at the windows.

The fire gained headway rapidly, and although the fire department responded promptly, the residence was enveloped in flames when they arrived.

Secretary and Mrs. Tracy occupied the back room on the second story. Mrs. Tracy, it is thought was first awakened by the suffocating smoke. Secretary Tracy was at the time unconscious, and Mrs. Tracy with heroic devotion attempted to drag the inanimate body of the secretary to the window. In this she partially succeeded.

Half dazed and blinded by the smoke, she opened the window, and just as the firemen were putting up a ladder to rescue her, she leaped to the sidewalk. Her body was picked up with severe internal injuries and a broken leg. She was taken to a neighboring house, and without recovering consciousness, died within an hour.

The ladder which would have saved Mrs. Tracy's life, had she waited but a brief moment before leaping to the sidewalk, was soon placed under the window and strong hands lifted the body of Secretary Tracy through it and carried him to the sidewalk. The secretary was then thought to be dead, but it was discovered that a small spark of life yet remained.

Died Praying for Help.

Miss Tracy, the secretary's unmarried daughter, occupied the third story front room, and met a terrible fate. The young lady could be seen at the window in the light that flickered in between the blinding smoke and flames, clad in a white robe, her hands in the attitude of prayer, and her face turned to heaven.

The flames gradually hemmed her in and she finally sank to the floor, only to be recognized again by her charred remains. A French maid, Josephine, met a similar fate in an adjoining room, where her charred and blackened remains were found.

Mrs. Wilmerding, Secretary Tracy's married daughter, and her daughter, Miss Alice, occupied the second story front room on the same floor with Secretary and Mrs. Tracy. Both and her daughter jumped from the windows to the grass terrace below, and while the shock to both was severe, neither received, so far as is now apparent, any serious injury.

Mrs. Wilmerding's right wrist badly sprained. She is lying hysterical and in a half-dazed condition, but is rapidly improving under treatment. Miss Alice is suffering from the shock.

The bodies of Mrs. and Miss Tracy were removed to the residence of Attorney General Miller. Mrs. and Miss Wilmerding were at Dr. Baxter's, but were during the day, taken to the residence of Senator Hale.

Secretary Tracy himself had a most wondrous escape, and is now lying in a somewhat precarious condition at the residence of Hon. J. C. Bancroft Davis, on H street, near Eighteenth street. Like all the others he was overcome in his sleep by the smoke, which filled the house and rendered him completely helpless.

He was discovered in this condition and with considerable difficulty was removed to a place near one of the windows. Cries for a ladder were quickly answered and many willing hands were raised to assist him to the ground. He was at once removed to a neighbor's house and was soon surrounded by physicians, including Drs. Wales and Ruth. He was suffering from asphyxia.

The doctors applied artificial means to induce respiration, and succeeded after an hour's work in restoring him to semi-consciousness. It was then thought safe to remove him to Judge Davis's house. He improved slowly from that time on, and soon regained consciousness, recognizing the friends who called to inquire in regard to his condition. Among the first of these were the President, Vice President and several members of the cabinet.

The house was completely gutted by the fire. The walls are standing, but the interior presents a picture of ruin and desolation. The residence of Judge W. S. Cox, of the District Supreme court, which adjoins it on the left, was also badly damaged by water.

Chief Parris, of the fire department, told his story as follows:

I paid no attention to the fire when I heard there were people in the house. I felt my way through the smoke to the second floor and found a man in bed in a room. I tried to pick him up, but he was almost dead heavy.

I managed to drag him into a back room where there was more air, and then I broke the window out and called to Lowe, who was in the alley, to run up a ladder. Then they took the man out, and I discovered to be the secretary. I could not move him any farther, for I was exhausted and full up to the neck with smoke.

Then I went back into the smoke and fire again and found a young lady—Miss Mary Tracy they said it was—and as I caught hold of her wrists to lift her up the flesh came off her burning hands. She had been burned. I got her out but she was dead.

Dr. Ruth, at the solicitation of friends, visited the undertaker's establishment and identified Miss Tracy. He made a hurried examination and found she had died from suffocation. Mrs. Tracy was found to have died from rupture of blood vessels.

President Harrison Informed the Secretary of the Death of His Wife and Daughter.

Dr. Wales, one of the physicians in attendance upon Secretary Tracy, stated on Monday afternoon that the secretary was getting along very well, and that the only danger now to be feared is that the smoke in his lungs will cause bronchitis.

The secretary, he said, was bearing up bravely in his great affliction. His greatest anxiety was in regard to his wife, and the first words uttered by him on regaining consciousness was to urge them to save her life.

"Save her, save her," he cried piteously and then relapsed into a state of insensibility. It lasted a short time only, however, and he again called out to the doctors to leave him and save her. He subsequently inquired for his daughter and told the doctors that she, too, must be saved.

Finally it was concluded that the best course would be to tell him the truth as the terrible suspense he was suffering might retard his own recovery. The President was with him at the time and it was from his lips that he learned the sad news that his wife and daughter were dead.

The blow was a terrible one, but he stood it with fortitude, and soon after fell into a restless sleep. Dr. Wales said that the secretary's breath was still saturated with the smoke he had inhaled, but there was a slow and steady improvement in his general symptoms.

The President and Mr. Halford remained at the house until late in the afternoon. The President wanted the secretary removed to the White House, but the physicians advised against any disturbance for 48 hours. They thought he would be strong enough for removal by that time.

The bodies of Miss Tracy and the servant (since identified as the French nurse, Josephine Morell) were removed temporarily to the residence of Attorney General Miller on Massachusetts avenue.

Funeral services will be held over the remains of Mrs. and Miss Tracy in the east room of the White House on February 5, at 11 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Douglass, rector of St. John's church, will conduct the religious services. The bodies will be temporarily deposited in the receiving vault at Rock Creek cemetery until final disposition is determined upon.

The pallbearers for Mrs. Tracy will be as follows:

Secretary Windom, Secretary Proctor, Attorney General Miller, Postmaster General Wanamaker, Secretary Noble, Secretary Rusk, Admiral Porter and Rear Admiral Rogers.

Secretary Tracy has displayed wonderful recuperative powers and on Feb. 4, about 11 o'clock, he surprised his physicians by getting out of bed and dressing himself. He showed such strength that he was allowed to descend to the library and to remain there during a portion of the day.

Secretary Tracy was that afternoon removed to the White House in a carriage. His physicians pronounce him entirely out of danger.

Robert Lincoln's Son Dying.

It is stated that Master Abraham Lincoln, young son of United States Minister Lincoln, is slowly dying from blood poisoning. This assertion is made upon indisputable authority.

REED'S STATEMENT.

He Cites Ex-Speaker Carlisle's Ruling as a Precedent for His Own.

Speaker Reed, on February 3, made to a representative of the Associated Press the following statement concerning the Republican position in the present great controversy:

Mr. Carlisle was entirely right when he said, in substance, that the decision of the House that a quorum was constituted to do business when a majority of the House was present would change from the foundation the method of doing business. It certainly will do so, for it will enable the majority, elected by the people, to rule by their own votes and not by the sufferance of the minority.

The rule of the majority is at the very base of our government. If it be not the true rule, our faith is vain and we are yet in our sins!

Look at the practical workings of the other doctrine. The Republicans have a majority of seven, but they only have three for a quorum—168 is our number, 169 is a quorum. If we are to furnish a quorum, the whole Democratic party, sitting idly by in their seats, but not "present," dumb and silent when business is to be transacted, but vocal when it is to be obstructed, then that can be but timely. Republicans absent on penalty of a stoppage of the public business. Now, let us see how that works. We are allowed but three absentees. Mr. Rockwell is sick, and it would endanger his life to come to the House. Mr. Wilbur is in the same condition.

Mr. T. W. Browne is too sick to be able to be there all the time. Mr. Caswell's wife was dying, and common decency required his presence by her bedside. Another member must go with his wife, for reasons somewhat similar. Just about this number of members will at all times be sick or incapacitated. These may get well, but others fall sick in their turn. There, then, is one quorum, according to Mr. Carlisle's idea, gone entirely to pieces, though, even after all fraud be deducted, the people had found for the Republicans by seven majority. All this time While we are keeping in the House other members hardly less sick, 140.

Is it possible that the United States is paying these gentlemen $13 a day without even the poor privilege of counting their silent forms?

Mr. Carlisle says there is no precedent for the decision of the House. I have personally seen and heard him furnish a hundred. A hundred times I have heard him declare that the number for and against a bill was, say eighty for to twenty-five, mathematically less than a quorum, and yet declare that bill passed, and then sign that bill, thereby certifying, under the most solemn sanction of his oath of office, that the bill had properly and constitutionally passed. How could he, how could he swear to this if his doctrine be true that a quorum must vote? Understand me: Day after day Mr. Carlisle, in my presence, has declared that such a bill had votes, for and against, by his own count as Speaker, less than a quorum, and has yet immediately declared it passed, and has signed it, thus furnishing the only proof the President could have that it was passed. How could this be except on the plain fact